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# MISCELLANIES

UPON

# VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By JOHN AUBREY, Esq. F.R.S.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH CONSIDERABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

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# SOME
# MEMOIRS
# OF THE
# LIFE
# OF
# Mr. JOHN AUBREY.

THE obſcurity of Mr. AUBREY's retired life, (for he always affected a *Literatum Otium)* has made it very difficult to procure many materials concerning him; the reader muſt therefore acquieſce in this ſhort account, taken from his own notes, as well as from ſome printed authorities.

He was deſcended from a very good family, and born at Eaſton-Piers, in the north diviſion of Wiltſhire, November 3, 1625-6; was chriſtened ſoon after his birth, as his notes ſay, *being weakly, and not in a probability of living.* He received his education at the grammar ſchool of Malmſbury, (under the care of Mr. Robert Latymer;) being cotemporary with the famous Mr. Hobbes, with whom he contracted the moſt intimate acquaintance.

May 6, 1642, he was entered a gentleman-commoner of Trinity-College in Oxford, where he commenced his friendſhip with Mr. Anthony à Wood, and to whom he communicated large materials towards his noble deſigns, ſince publiſhed, ſo highly to the credit of that univerſity.

About this time, that invaluable work of the *Monaſticon Anglicanum* was in

Embrio, to which Mr. Aubrey not only gave his beſt aſſiſtance, but has preſerved to poſterity, at his own expence, a curious draught of the remains of Oſeney Abbey, near Oxford, (now level with the ground) finely etched by the hand of the inimitable Mr. Wenceſlaus Hollar, inſerted in vol. 2, page 136, with this inſcription, *Inſignes hujuſce Fabricæ ruinas, quas, Antiquitatis ergo, plurimum ſuſpexit,* ADOLESCENTULUS *jam hinc* OXONIENSIBUS *aſcriptus, & (quod commodius accidit) paulo antequam Bello Civili funditus e Medio tollerentur, delineandas curavit, poſteris quaſi redivivas.* L. D. C. Q. Johannes Albericus *de* Eſton Piers *in Agro* Wilts, *Arm.*

His giving this plate is mentioned, not only to ſhew his early and ſingular bent towards the pleaſant ſtudy of Antiquities, eſpecially thoſe of England, (which were they diligently ſearched into, would be as entertaining and agreeable, as others far fetched and more dearly bought) but alſo to take notice, that moſt of the copies of the Monaſticon, by ſome misfortune or other, want this draught.

In the year 1646, he was admitted a ſtudent of the Middle Temple, but the death of his father, which with ſeveral eſtates in the counties of Wilts, Surry, Hereford, Brecknock and Monmouth, entailing alſo many law ſuits on his hands, hindered his ſettlement or application to the ſtudy of the common law.

Mr. Aubrey travelled into Ireland, 1660, and narrowly eſcaped ſhipwreck, at his return in September, near Holyhead.

He was elected and admitted a fellow of the royal ſociety, 1662, being then in its moſt flouriſhing condition; and was one of thoſe firſt ſet of men, of whom Mr. Glanvil ſays, in page 34, *Of his Eſſay on* *the modern Improvements of uſeful Knowledge,* "That of all the combinations of men, "that ever met for the improvement of "ſcience, there never were any, whoſe "deſigns were better laid, whoſe abili"ties were more promiſing, or whoſe "conſtitution was more judiciouſly or "advantageouſly formed, than the royal "ſociety.

On June 11, 1664, he landed at Calais in France, and travelled to Orleans, from whence he returned in October following, having been ſome time married, but to whom he has not thought fit to declare; perhaps, becauſe he repented of his match, as ſeems to be implied in his minutes, wherein ſays he, On November 1, 1661, *I made my firſt addreſſes in an ill hour, to* JOAN SOMNER.

He wrote the life of his friend Mr. Hobbes, in Engliſh, which was communicated in manuſcript, to Dr. Richard

Blackbourn, M. D. who tranſlated it into Latin, and (with the life in Latin verſe, wrote by Mr. Hobbes himſelf,) publiſhed both in 1681, wherein he honourably acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Aubrey, and in the liſt of Mr. Hobbes's friends and acquaintance, (page 187,) he gives this publick inſtance of his gratitude. Jo. ALBERICUS, *vulgo* AUBREY, *è Soc. Reg. Armig. Amicus ejus in Primis, ex viciniâ* MALMESBURIENSI *oriundus & ſub communi Præceptore inſtitutus, Vir publico bono magis quam ſuo natus; qui princeps mihi ſcribendi anſam prebuit, & materiam humaniter ſuppeditavit.*

In the year 1675, Mr. Aubrey began his PERAMBULATION *of the county of* SURREY; and concluded the ſame, 1692. He was upon a like *Hiſtory of the* North *Diviſion of* WILTSHIRE. But foreſeeing he could not, in the courſe of nature, live to give the finiſhing ſtroke to theſe papers, he repoſited them in the Aſhmolean Muſæum at Oxford: but as he tells us in the year 1695, enjoying the contentment of Solitude in the Earl of Abingdon's pleaſant gardens at Lavington, he reviewed ſome ſcattered papers upon the ſubject of Hermetick Philoſophy, digeſted them, prepared them for the preſs, dedicated them to that noble Lord, and publiſhed them under the title of MISCELLANIES, the year following.

Mr. Aubrey in his private notes, mentions ſeveral eſcapes from imminent dangers during the courſe of his life, at ſea and land, and ever expreſſes his moſt grateful acknowledgments to the divine goodneſs for its mercies reached to him; of which as to enumerate the particulars would be improper, ſo I ſhall only obſerve, that though his worldly affairs run very croſs, and his difficulties obliged him at different times to ſell his whole eſtate, which was much harraſſed and at laſt devoured by the law and other miſmanagements; yet his reſignation under theſe hardſhips ſeems remarkable, when in taking notice of the ſale of his eſtate in Wiltſhire, in 1666 and 1670, he ſays, "From 1670, I thank God I have en-"joyed a happy deliteſcency."

Several misfortunes at the heels of each other, at length reduced that Virtuoſo and excellent Naturaliſt to very low and mean circumſtances; inſomuch, that he was generouſly ſupported by the late Lady Long, of Draycot in Wiltſhire, in her own houſe to which he was on his return from London, when his journey and life were concluded at Oxford, where it is preſumed he was buried, though neither the time of his death or of his burial can be yet recovered.

Since his death, ſeveral letters to him from learned men,* and ſome wrote by him, have been publiſhed by the Reverend Mr. Derham, and others.

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* Printed for E. CURLL, and W. INNYS.

There remains an unfiniſhed piece, entitled *Architectonica Sacra*. Which treats of the manner of our church building in England for ſeveral ages, and is, as I am told, prefixed to one of his manuſcripts at Oxford.

On Tueſday, July 26, 1720, at a ſale of the copies belonging to Mr. Awnſham Churchill of London, bookſeller, which were ſold at the Queen's Head tavern in Pater Noſter Row, there was among them a printed copy of theſe Miſcellanies, corrected for the preſs by Mr. Aubrey, wherein were many very conſiderable alterations, corrections, and additions, together with the following letter to Mr. Churchill, written upon the firſt blank leaf, concerning the then intended ſecond edition.

Mr. Churchill,

THERE is a very pretty remark in the Athenian Mercury, concerning Apparitions, which I would have inſerted under this head, it is in vol. 17, numb. 25. Tueſday, June 1695.

Mr. Dunton, at the Raven in Jewin-Street, will help you to this Mercury, but yeſterday he would not, his wife being newly departed.

June 1, 1697. J. A.

The paſſage referred to in this letter, is now inſerted among the other additions, all which the reader will find diſtinguiſhed by an aſteriſm in the index.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

# JAMES

# Earl of *Abingdon*,

Lord Chief-Juſtice in Eyre of all His Majeſty's FORESTS and CHACES on this Side TRENT.

MY LORD,

WHEN I enjoyed the contentment of Solitude in your pleaſant walks and gardens at Lavington the laſt ſummer, I reviewed ſeveral ſcattered papers which had lain by me for ſeveral years; and then preſumed to think, that if they were put together, they might be ſomewhat entertaining: I therefore digeſted them there in this order, in which I now preſent them to your Lordſhip.

The matter of this collection is beyond human reach: we being miſerably in the dark, as to the œconomy of the inviſible world, which knows what we do, or incline to, and works upon our paſſions, and ſometimes is ſo kind as to afford us a glimpſe of its præſcience.

# DEDICATION.

My Lord,

It was my intention to have finiſhed my *Deſcription of Wiltſhire** (half finiſhed already) and to have dedicated it to your Lordſhip: but my age is now too far ſpent for ſuch undertakings: I have therefore devolved that taſk on my country man, Mr. Thomas Tanner,† who hath youth to go through with it, and a genius proper for ſuch an undertaking.

Wherefore, I humbly beſeech your Lordſhip to accept of this ſmall offering, as a grateful memorial of the profound reſpect which I have for you, who have for many years taken me into your favour and protection.

---

* Repoſited in the Muſæum at Oxon.

† The preſent worthy Chancellor of Norwich. 1720.

My Lord,

May the bleſſed Angels be your careful guardians: ſuch are the prayers of

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obliged

And humble Servant,

1696.

JOHN AUBREY.

*Fig. 1.*

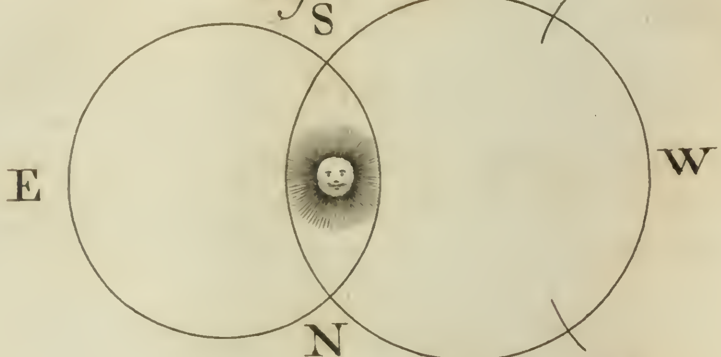


*Fig. 2.*

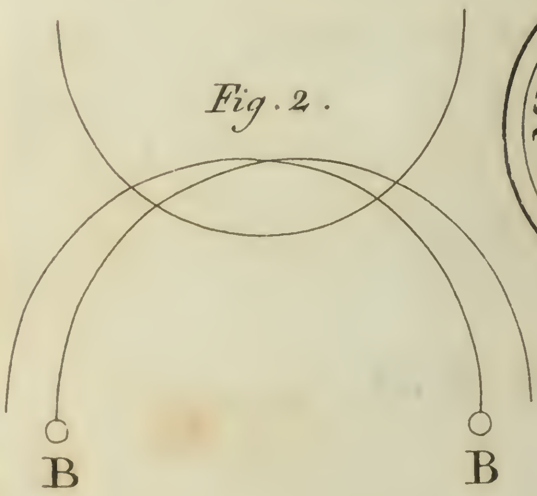
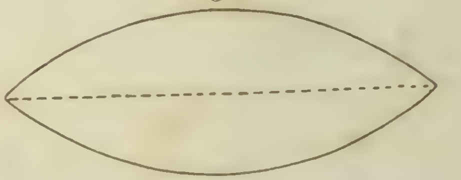


*Fig. 3.*



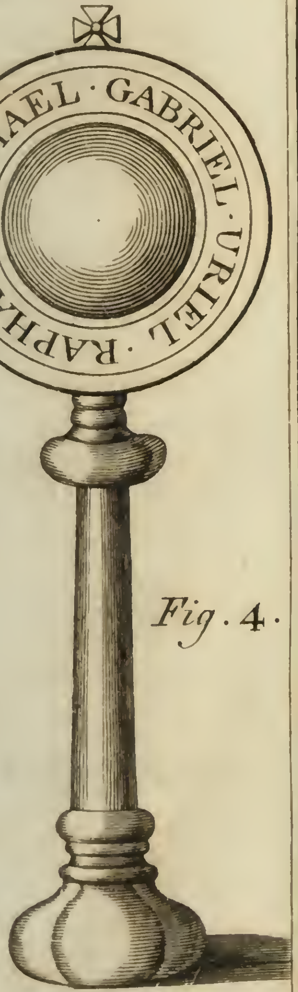


*Fig. 4.*

### A

# COLLECTION

### OF

# HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY hath been exceedingly advanced within fifty years laſt paſt; but, methinks 'tis ſtrange that *Hermetic Philoſophy* hath lain ſo long untoucht. It is a ſubject worthy of ſerious conſideration: I have here, for my own diverſion, collected ſome few remarks, within my own remembrance, or within the remembrance of ſome perſons, worthy of belief, in the age before me. Thoſe, who deſire to know more of things of this nature, may be pleaſed to peruſe *Hiſtoire Prodigieuſe*, written by Pere Arnault: as alſo a book entituled *Lux è Tenebris*, which is a collection of modern Viſions and Propheſies in Germany, by ſeveral perſons; tranſlated into Latin by Jo. Amos Comenius, printed at Amſterdam, 1655.

I ſhall begin with Day-Fatality, of which Mr. John Gibbon (Blew-mantle) made a collection, printed in two ſheets in folio, 1678, which I here reprint with ſome additions collected by myſelf.

# DAY-FATALITY:

## OR, SOME

## OBSERVATIONS

## OF

## DAYS LUCKY AND UNLUCKY.

Luc. XIX. xlii.

*In hoc die tuo: In this thy day.*

THAT there be good and evil times, not only the ſacred ſcriptures, but prophane authors mention: ſee 1. Sam. 25, 8. Eſther 8, 17. and 9, 19, 22. Eccluſ. 14. 14.

The fourteenth day of the firſt month was a memorable and bleſſed day amongſt the children of Iſrael: ſee Exod. 12, 18, 40, 41, 42, 51. Levit. 23, 5. Numb. 28, 16. Four hundred and thirty years being expired of their dwelling in Egypt, even in the ſelf ſame day departed they thence.

A thing ſomething parallel to this we read in the Roman hiſtories: that, that very day four years, that the civil wars were begun by Pompey the father, Cæſar made an end of them with his ſons; Cneius Pompeius being then ſlain, and it being alſo the laſt battle Cæſar was ever in. (Heylin in the kingdom of Corduba.) The calender to Ovid's *Faſtorum*, ſays, *Aprilis erat menſis Græcis auſpicatiſſimus*, a moſt auſpicious month among the Græcians.

As to evil days and times; ſee Amos 5, 13. and 6, 3. Eccleſ. 9, 12. Pſal. 37, 19. Obad. 12. Jer. 46, 21. And Job hints it, in curſing his birth day. Cap. 3, v. 1, 10, 11. See *Weaver*, p. 458.

Early in a morning
In an evil tyming,
Went they from Dunbar.

Horace, lib. 2. Ode 13. Curſing the tree that had like to have fallen upon him, ſays, *Ille nefaſto te poſuit die*; intimating that it was planted in an unlucky day.

The Romans counted Feb. 13, an unlucky day, and therefore then never attempted any buſineſs of importance; for on that day they were overthrown at Allia by the Gauls; and the Fabii attacking the city of the Veii, were all ſlain, ſave one. (Heylin, ſpeaking of St. Peter's patrimony.) And ſee the calendar annext to Ovid's *Faſtorum*, as to the laſt circumſtance.

The Jews accounted Auguſt 10, an unfortunate day; for on that day the Temple was deſtroyed by Titus, the ſon of Veſpaſian; on which day alſo the firſt Temple was conſumed with fire by Nebuchadnezzar. (Heylin.) The treaſury of the times ſays the eighth of Loyon (Auguſt) the very ſame day 679 years one after another.

And not only among the Romans and Jews, but alſo among Chriſtians, a like cuſtom of obſerving ſuch days is uſed, eſpecially Childermas or Innocent's day. Comines tells us, that Lewis XI. uſed not to debate any matter, but accounted it a ſign of great misfortune towards him, if any man communed with him of his affairs; and would be very angry with thoſe about him, if they troubled him with any matter whatſoever upon that day.

But I will deſcend to more particular inſtances of lucky and unlucky days.

Upon the ſixth of April, Alexander the Great was born. Upon the ſame day he conquered Darius, won a great victory at ſea, and died the ſame day.

Neither was this day leſs fortunate to his father Philip; for on the ſame day he took Potidea; Parmenio, his General, gave a great overthrow to the Illyrians; and his horſe was victor at the Olympic Games. Therefore, his prophets foretold to him, *Filium cujus natalis*, &c. That a ſon whoſe birth-day was accompanied with three victories, ſhould prove invincible. *Pezelius in melificio hiſtorico.*

Upon the thirtieth of September, Pompey the Great was born: upon that day he triumphed for his Aſian conqueſt, and on that day he died.

The nineteenth of Auguſt was the day of Auguſtus his adoption: on the ſame day he began his conſulſhip: he conquered the Triumviri,

viri, and on the ſame day he died. Hitherto out of the memoirs of King Charles I's. heroes.

If Solomon counts the day of one's death better than the day of one's birth, there can be no objection why that alſo may not be reckoned amongſt one's remarkable and happy days. And therefore I will inſert here, that the eleventh of February was the noted day of Elizabeth, wife to Henry VII. who was born and died that day. Weaver, p. 476. Brooke, in Henry VII. marriage. Stow, in Anno 1466, 1503.

As alſo that the twenty-third of November was the obſervable day of Francis, Duke of Lunenburgh, who was born on that day, and died upon the ſame, 1549, as ſays the French author of the Journal Hiſtory, who adds upon particular remark and obſervable curioſity.

*Ipſa dies vitam contulit, ipſa necem.*
The ſame day life did give,
And made him ceaſe to live.

Sir Kenelm Digby, that renowned knight, great linguiſt, and magazine of arts, was born and died on the eleventh of June, and alſo fought fortunately at Scanderoon the ſame day. Hear his epitaph, compoſed by Mr. Farrar, and recited in the aforeſaid Memoirs:

Under this ſtone the matchleſs Digby lies,
Digby the great, the valiant and the wiſe:
This age's wonder for his noble parts;
Skill'd in ſix tongues, and learn'd in all the arts.
Born on the day he died, th' eleventh of June,
On which he bravely fought at Scanderoon.
'Tis rare that one and ſelf-ſame day ſhould be
His day of birth, of death, of victory.

I had a maternal uncle, that died the third of March, 1678, which was the anniverſary day of his birth; and (which is a truth exceeding ſtrange) many years ago he foretold the day of his death to be that of his birth; and he alſo averred the ſame but about the week before his departure. The third of March is the day of St. Eutropius; and as to my uncle it was ſignificative; it turned well to him, according to that of Rev. 14, 13. Bleſſed are the dead, &c. and that of Ovid Metam. lib. 3.

——*Dicique beatus,*
*Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet.*——
——None happy call
Before their death, and final funeral.

The ſixth of January was five times auſpicious to Charles, Duke of Anjou. Ibid. in the life of the Earl of Sunderland.

The twenty-fourth of February was happy to Charles V. four times. (Ibid.) Heylin, ſpeaking of the Temple of Jeruſalem, hints three of theſe four; his birth, taking of Francis, King of France, priſoner; his receiving the Imperial crown at Bononia. And ſo doth alſo the Journal Hiſtory before mentioned.

Of the family of the Trevors, ſix ſucceſſive principal branches have been born the ſixth of July. Same memoirs.

Sir Humphrey Davenport was born the ſeventh of July; and on that day anniverſary, his father and mother died, within a quarter of an hour one of another. Same memoirs.

I have ſeen an old Romiſh MSS. prayer-book, (and ſhewed the ſame to that general ſcholar, and great aſtrologer, Elias Aſhmole, Eſq;) at the beginning whereof was a Calendar wherein were inſerted the unlucky days of each month, ſet out in verſe. I will recite them juſt as they are, ſometimes infringing the rule of grammar, ſometimes of Proſodia; a matter of which the old monkiſh rhymers were no way ſcrupulous. It was as ancient as Henry the ſixth, or Edward the fourth's time.

| | |
|---|---|
| January. | *Prima dies menſis, & ſeptima truncat ut enſis.* |
| February. | *Quarta ſubit mortem, proſternit tertia fortem.* |
| March. | *Primus mandentem, diſrumpit quarta bibentem.* |
| April. | *Denus & undenus eſt mortis vulnere plenus.* |
| May. | *Tertius occidit, & ſeptimus ora relidit.*[*] |

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[*] Ex re & ledo.

| | |
|---|---|
| June. | *Denus palleſcit, quindenus fœdera neſcit.* |
| July. | *Ter-decimus mactat, Julij denus labefactat.* |
| Auguſt. | *Prima necat fortem, proſternit ſecunda cohortem.* |
| September. | *Tertia Septembris & denus fert mala membris.* |
| October. | *Tertius & denus eſt, ſicut, mors alienus.* |
| November. | *Scorpius eſt quintus, & tertius è nece cinctus.* |
| December. | *Septimus exanguis, viroſus denus & anguis.* |

The tenth verſe is intolerable, and might be mended thus.

*Tertia cum dena ſit ſicut mors aliena.*

If any object and ſay, *Deni* is only the plural; I excuſe my ſelf by that admirable chronogram upon King Charles the martyr.

*Ter deno, Jani, Lunæ, Rex (Sole cadente)*
*Carolus exutus Solio, Sceptroque, ſecure.*

Neither will I have recourſe for refuge to that old tetraſtich,

*Intrat Avaloniam duodena Caterva virorum*
*Flos Arimathiæ Joſeph, &c.*

becauſe I have even now blamed the liberty of the ancient rhymers. He means by *Mors aliena,* ſome ſtrange kind of death; though *aliena* ſignifies in quite another ſenſe than there uſed.

I ſhall take particular notice here of the third of November, both becauſe 'tis my own birth-day, and alſo for that I have obſerved ſome remarkable accidents to have happened thereupon.

Conſtantius, the Emperor, ſon of Conſtantine the Great, little inferior to his father, a worthy warrior, and good man, died the third of November: *Ex veteri Calendario penes me.*

Thomas Montacute, Earl of Saliſbury, that great man, and famous commander under Henry IV. V. and VI. died this day, by a wound of a cannon-ſhot he received at Orleance, E MSS. *quodam, & Glovero.*

So alſo Cardinal Borrhomeo, famous for his ſanctity of life, and therefore canonized (Heylin in his *Præcognita*, ſays, he made Milan memorable, by his reſidence there) died 1584, this day, as Poſſevinus in his life.

Sir John Perot, (Stow, corruptly calls him Parrat) a man very remarkable in his time, Lord Deputy of Ireland, ſon to Henry VIII. and extremely like him, died in the tower, the third of November, 1592. (as Stow ſays) Grief, and the fatality of this day, killed him. See Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*, concerning this man.

Stow, in his Annals, ſays, Anno 1099, November 3, as well in Scotland as England, the ſea broke in, over the banks of many rivers, drowning divers towns, and much people, with an innumerable number of oxen and ſheep, at which time the lands in Kent, ſometimes belonging to Earl Godwin, were covered with ſands, and drowned, and to this day are called Godwin's Sands.

I had an eſtate left me in Kent, of which between thirty and forty acres was marſh-land, very conveniently flanking its up-land; and in thoſe days this marſh-land was uſually let for four nobles an acre. My father died, 1643. Within a year and half after his deceaſe, ſuch charges and water-ſchots came upon this marſh-land, by the influence of the ſea, that it was never worth one farthing to me, but very often eat into the rents of the up-land: ſo that I often think, this day being my birth-day, hath the ſame influence upon me, that it had 580 years ſince upon Earl Godwin, and others concerned in low-lands.

The Parliament, ſo fatal to Rome's concerns here, in Henry VIII's. time, began the third of November (26 of his reign;) in which the Pope, with all his authority, was clean baniſhed the realm; he no more to be called otherwiſe than Biſhop of Rome; the King to be taken and reputed as ſupreme head of the church of England, having full authority to reform all errors, hereſies and abuſes of the ſame: alſo the firſt-fruits and tenths of all ſpiritual promotions and dignities were granted to the King. See Stow's Annals, and Weaver, page 80.

Not long after which, followed the viſitation of abbies, priories, and nunneries; and after that, their final ſuppreſſion: this Parliament being the door, or entrance thereto.

The third of November 1640, began that Parliament ſo direfully fatal to England, in its peace, its wealth, its religion, its gentry, its nobility; nay, its King. So verifying the former verſe of the calendar.

*Scorpius eſt quintus, & tertius è nece cinctus.*
A killing day to ſome or other.

On the third of November 1703, was the remarkable ſtorm.

The third of September was a remarkable day to the Engliſh Attila, Oliver, 1650. He obtained a memorable victory at Dunbar; another at Worceſter, 1651, and that day he died, 1658.

The firſt two occurrences wonderfully accord to the preceding verſes.

*Tertia Septembris, & denus fert mala membris.*

Being fatal to the two members of Great Britain, Scotland and England. The third, as happy to them both, as the ſame day, 1666, was diſmal and unhappy to the city of London, and conſequently to the whole kingdom, with its immediate preceding and two ſucceeding days, viz. the ſecond, fourth, and fifth of September.

I come now to the days of the week.

Tueſday *(Dies Martis)* was a moſt remarkable day with Thomas Becket, Arch Biſhop of Canterbury, as Weaver, 201, obſerves from Mat. Paris: *Mars, Secundum Poetas, Deus Belli nuncupatur. Vita Sancti Thomæ (ſecundum illud Job, Vita hominis militia eſt ſuper terram) tota fuit contra hoſtem bellicoſa, &c.* The life of St. Thomas, (according to that of Job, the life of man is a warfare upon earth) was a continual conflict againſt the enemy. Upon a

Tueſday he ſuffered; upon Tueſday he was tranſlated; upon Tueſday the Peers of the land ſat againſt him at Northampton; upon Tueſday he was baniſhed; upon Tueſday the Lord appeared to him at Pontiniac, ſaying, Thomas, Thomas, my church ſhall be glorified in thy blood; upon Tueſday he returned from exile; upon Tueſday he got the palm or reward of martyrdom; upon Tueſday 1220, his venerable body received the glory and renown of tranſlation, fifty years after his paſſion. Thus my author.

One thing I make bold to gloſs upon. His tranſlation is here mentioned twice.

*Note*, this is no tautology of the hiſtorian; but the latter paragraph is a mere recitation of the firſt, viz. reference to the time when he was tranſlated into the number of Saints and Martyrs: *quando in divorum numerum relatus*, as Camden.

Wedneſday is ſaid to have been the fortunate day of Sixtus Quintus, that Pope of renowned merit, that did ſo great and excellent things in the time of his government. See the juſt weight of the ſcarlet robe, (page 101, his deſired praiſes.) On a Wedneſday he was born; on that day he was made Monk; on the ſame he was made General of his order; on that alſo, was he ſucceſſively created Cardinal, elected Pope, and alſo inaugurated. See *Heylin*, ſpeaking of the Temple of Jeruſalem.

Friday was obſerved to be very fortunate to the great renowned Captain Gonſalvo, he having on that day given the French many memorable defeats.

Saturday was a lucky day to Henry VII. upon that day he atchieved the victory upon Richard III. being Auguſt 22, 1485. On that day he entered the city, being Auguſt 29, (correct Stow, who miſtakes the day) and he himſelf always acknowledged, he had experienced it fortunate. See *Bacon* in his Life.

Thurſday was a fatal day to Henry VIII. (as Stow, 812) and ſo alſo to his poſterity. He died on Thurſday, Jan. 28. King Edward VI. on Thurſday, July 6. Queen Mary on Thurſday, November 17. Queen Elizabeth on Thurſday, March 24.

Saturday (or the Jewiſh Sabbath) was fatal to Jeruſalem Temple; for on that day it was taken by Pompey, Herod and Titus, ſucceſſively. *Heylin.*

Hitherto by way of prologue. And be pleaſed to take notice, as to the days of the month, I have taken ſuch care, that all are according to the Julian or old account, uſed by us here in England. (See Partridge's almanack, preface to the reader) Pope Gregory XIII. brought in his new ſtile (generally uſed beyond ſea) *anno* 1585, in October, as aſſerts the Journal Hiſtory before recited.

*An old proverb.*

When Eaſter falls in our lady's lap,
Then let England beware a rap.

Eaſter falls on March 25, when the Sunday letter is G, and the golden number 5, 13, or 16. As in the late years, 1459, 1638, 1649.

1459, King Henry VI. was depoſed and murdered.

1638, The Scottiſh troubles began, on which enſued the great rebellion.

1648-9, King Charles I. murdered.

I think it will not happen ſo again till the year 1991.

Now for epilogue and remarkable reflection.

Turning over our annals, I chanced upon a two-fold circumſtance: I will not ſay, that none elſe hath obſerved the ſame; but I proteſt, *(Ita me Deus amet, ut verum loquor)* I do not know of any that have; and therefore muſt juſtly claim to be acquitted from the leaſt ſuſpicion of plagiariſm, or plowing with others heifers.

The firſt is, of William the Conqueror. The ſecond, of Edward III. (I need not ſay any thing of the eminency or theſe two; every one knows what great things they did.) And making reflection upon the auſpicious birthday of His Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, I adventured upon the following compoſure. (I cannot be proud of my poetry; but I cannot but be glad of my Bon Heur, *d'avoir (en liſant) tombé ſi fortuement ſur les evenements d'un ſi* Bon Jour.

*Ad Illuſtriſſimum & Celſiſſimum Principem,* Jacobum *Ducem* Eboracenſem, *de Natali ſuo Auſpicatiſſimo Octobris* XIV. *Anno* 1633.

——*Deus*
*Anne nefaſto te poſuit die?* Hor. lib. 2. ode 13.

Oct. *Decimo quarto Normannus Haraldum*
*Dux ſuperavit, & Hinc Regia ſceptra tulit.*
*Tertius Edwardus, capto pernice Caleto,*
*(Gallica quo Regna ſunt reſarata ſibi)*
*Ire domum tentans, diris turbinibus actus*
*In pelago, Vitæ magna pericla ſubit.*
Oct. *Decimo quarto, tamen appulit Oras*
*Nativas. (His quàm proſperus ille dies!)*
*Natali lætare tuo, quàm Maxime Princeps;*
*Fauſta velut ſunt hæc, Omina ſemper habe.*

October's fourteenth gave the Norman Duke
That victory, whence he England's ſceptre
took.*
Third Edward, after he had Calais won,
(The mean whereby he France did over-run)
Returning home, by raging tempeſts toſt,
(And near his life (ſo fortunes) to have loſt)†
Arrived ſafe on ſhore the ſelf-ſame date.
(This day to them afforded ſo fair fate.)
Great Duke, rejoice in this your day of birth;
And may ſuch omens ſtill encreaſe your mirth.

The Verſes I preſented in *anno* 1672, to a moſt honourable Peer of the land, and of great place near his Royal Highneſs.

Since which time, old Fabian's chronicle coming into my hands, from him I got knowledge, that that advantagious peace, mentioned by Stow, *anno* 1360, (concluded between the forementioned King Edward III. and the French King) was acted upon the fourteenth of October, with grand ſolemnity.

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[*] Stow, in *anno* 1066.

[†] Stow, in *anno* 1347.

The two former circumſtances muſt needs fall out providentially: whether this laſt of *anno* 1360, was deſigned by Edward III. or no, (as remembering his former good hap) may be ſome queſtion: I am of opinion not.

Where things are under a man's peculiar concern, he may fix a time: but here was the French King concerned equally with the Engliſh, and many other great perſonages intereſted. To have tied them up to his own auſpicious conceit of the day, had been an unkind oppreſſion, and would have brought the judgment of ſo wiſe a Prince into queſtion: we may conclude then, it was meerly fortuitous. And therefore to the former obſervation concerning this famous Edward, give me leave to add,

*Inſuper hoc ipſo die (ſibi commoda) Grandis*
*Rex cum Galligenis, fœdera fecit idem,*
An advantageous peace, on day ſelf-ſame,
This mighty Prince did with the Frenchmen
frame.

A memorable peace (foretold by Noſtradamus)

mus) much conducing to the ſaving of chriſtian blood, was made upon the fourteenth of October 1557, between Pope Paul IV. Henry II. of France, and Philip II. of Spain. Noſtradamus ſays, theſe great Princes were *frappèz du Ciel,* moved from Heaven to make this peace. See *Garencier*'s Comment on *Noſtradamus,* p. 76.

A lucky day this, not only to the Princes of England, but auſpicious to the welfare of Europe. *John Gibbon,* 1678.

Thus far Mr. John Gibbon. The Latin verſes of the twelve months quoted by him out of an old manuſcript, I have ſeen in ſeveral maſs-books; and they are printed in the calendar to the works of the venerable Bede. 'Tis to be preſumed, that they were grounded upon experience; but we have no inſtances left us of the memorables of thoſe days.

As for the third and tenth of September, I have here ſet down ſome extractions from a little book called The Hiſtorians Guide: or, Britain's Remembrancer; which was carefully collected by a club. It begins at the year 1600, and is continued to 1690. There cannot be found in all the time aforeſaid, the like inſtances.

*Tertia Septembris, & denus fert mala membris.*

September 3, 1641. The Parliament adjourned to the 20th of October next, and the Iriſh rebellion broke out, where were 20,000 perſons barbarouſly murdered.

September 3, 1643. Biddiford, Appleford, and Barnſtable ſurrendered to the King.

September 3, 1650. Dunbar fight.

September 3, 1651. Worceſter fight.

September 3, 1651. Earl of Derby defeated at Preſton.

September 3, 1654. A third Parliament at Weſtminſter.

September 3, 1658. Oliver, Protector died.

September 3, 1675. The town of Northampton near burnt down to the ground by accidental fire.

September 3, 1662. William Lenthal, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, died.

September 3, 4, 1665. Four Dutch men of war, two Eaſt-India ſhips, and ſeveral merchant-men taken by the Earl of Sandwich, with the loſs only of the Hector.

September 2, 1644. The Earl of Eſſex fled to Plymouth, and the army ſubmitted to the King.

September 2, 1645. The Scots raiſed the ſiege from before Hereford.

September 2, 1653. The Londoners petition the Parliament to continue tythes.

September 2, 1685. The Lady Liſle beheaded at Wincheſter, for harbouring Hicks, a rebel.

September 4, 1643. Exeter taken by Prince Maurice.

September 4, 1653. General Blake buried at Weſtminſter.

September 5, 1652. The French fleet beaten by the Engliſh.

*Memorables on September the tenth.*

September 10, 1643. The ſiege of Glouceſter raiſed. I remember over that gate which leads to Nymphs-field was this following inſcription in free-ſtone: the walls are now pulled down.

Always remember,
The tenth of September,
One thouſand ſix hundred forty three,
And give God the glory.

September 10, 1645. Briſtol ſurrendered to the Parliament.

September 10, 1649. Drogheda taken, as appears by Cromwell's letter to the Speaker Lenthal.

September 10, 1660. Peace with Spain proclaimed.

September 10, 1670. Peace concluded between England and Spain in America, was this day ratified at Madrid.

September 10, 1673. This day his Majeſty commanded the Earl of Oſſory to take the command of the fleet at the Buoy in the Nore, in the abſence of Prince Rupert.

September 12, 1679. The King takes from the Duke of Monmouth his commiſſion of General.

September 12, 1680. Mrs. Celier tried at the Old Bailey, for publiſhing a book called Malice Defeated, &c. and found guilty.

September 12, 1683. The ſiege of Vienna raiſed (after the beſieged had loſt 10,000 men, and the beſiegers 70,000) by the King of Poland, and the Duke of Lorrain.

May 29, 1630. King Charles II. born.

May 29, 1660. Reſtored.

May 29, 1672. The fleet beaten by the Dutch.

May 29, 1679. A rebellion broke out in the weſt of Scotland, where they proclaimed the covenant, and put forth a declaration.

The Emperor Charles V. was born on February 24, 1500.

He won the battle of Pavia, February 24, 1525.

Clement VII. crowned him Emperor, February 24, 1530.

Raphael d' Urbin (the famous painter) was born on Good-Friday, and died on Good-Friday.

At Feltwell in Norfolk (which lies eaſt and weſt) a fire happened to break out at the weſt end, which the weſt wind blew and burned all the ſtreet: on that day twenty years, another fire happened there, which began at the eaſt end, and burned it to the ground again. This I had from a reverend divine. *Quære de hoc.*

Colonel Hugh Grove of Wiltſhire, was beheaded at Exeter (together with Colonel John Penruddock) on the ninth day of May 1655. On that very day three years, his ſon and heir died at London of a malignant fever, and about the ſame hour of the day.

A very good friend of mine and old acquaintance was born on the 15th of November: his eldeſt ſon was born on the 15th of November, and his ſecond ſon's firſt ſon on the 15th of November.

At the hour of prime, April 6, 1327, Petrarch firſt ſaw his miſtreſs Laura in the church of Saint Clara in Avinion. In the ſame city, ſame month, ſame hour, 1348, ſhe died. 'Tis his own remark. *Petrarcha Redivivus*, 242.

## Day-Fatality of ROME,

*Written by* Mr. JOHN PELL, D. D. *from whom I had it.*

THEY that called the city of Rome, *Urbs Æterna*, ſeemed to believe, that Rome could never be deſtroyed. But there have been great numbers of men, that did verily believe, that it ſhall have an irrecoverable overthrow. Writers have proceeded ſo far, as to foretell the time of Rome's final ruin. Some ſaid that Rome's perdition ſhould happen in the year of Chriſt 1670, they have now been decried nine whole years: ſo that few take care to know what reaſons moved them to pitch upon that number.

A Lutheran hiſtorian, *anno* 1656, wrote thus, *Finem Jubileorum Eccleſiaſticorum omniumque temporum in Scriptura revelatorum, deſinere in Annum Chriſti Milleſimum ſexcenteſimum & ſeptuageſimum, antehac obſervavit Beatus Gerhardus cum Philippo Nicolao.* But all men are not of Dr. Gerhard's opinion. Many men believe, that ſome of the propheſies in the revelations do reach far beyond our times, and that the events of future times will unclaſp and unſeal a conſiderable portion of the Apocalypſe.

One of the reaſons, that recommended the number of 1670, was becauſe it is the ſum of 410, and 1260.

Hiſtorians agree, that in the year of Chriſt 410, in the month of Auguſt, Rome was trampled under foot, and her heathen inhabitants were miſerably ſlaughtered by the victorious army of Alaric, a chriſtian King of the Goths. Paulus Diaconus ſaith, Auguſt the 24th was the day of King Alaric's taking Rome. Kedrenus ſaith, it was Auguſt the 26th, perhaps the army firſt entered the 24th, and the King followed not till two days after.

As for the other number 1260. It is twice found in the Revelations of St. John, ch. 11, 3. "My two witneſſes ſhall propheſy a thouſand two hundred and ſixty days." And chap. 12, 6. "Should feed the woman in the Wilderneſs, a thouſand two hundred and threeſcore days". And it is there expreſſed in another form, (42 times 30) chap. 11, 2. "The Gentiles ſhall tread the holy city under foot forty and two months." Chap. 13, 5. "Power was given to the blaſphemous beaſt to continue forty and two months." Chap. 12, 14. "The woman is nouriſhed in the Wilderneſs for (Καιρὸν καὶ καιροὺς καὶ ἥμισυ καιροῦ) a ſeaſon and ſeaſons, and half a ſeaſon." See Act. 1, 7. 360 and 720 and 180 are equal to 1260. So it ſeems every καιρὸ hath 360 days, or twelve months at thirty days to a month. No doubt Daniel had given occaſion to this expreſſion, chap. 7, 25. "A time, "and times, and the dividing of time." No man can ground any diſtinct reaſoning upon ſuch general words. But yet it is not tied to a juſt number of days, (as 360) but is capable of various interpretations in ſeveral propheſies. Daniel uſeth a plural in both places, and not a dual, (two times, and two ſeaſons) nor doth John ſay, two ſeaſons: but by his Numeral Illuſtration, he teaches us to underſtand him, as if he had ſaid, (chap. 12, 14.) "For three "ſeaſons and half a ſeaſon:" I ſay Numeral Illuſtration. For I take it to be no other than an eaſy example (12 and 24 and 6 are 42) to direct the ſons of the prophets not yet arrived to the ſkill of dealing with difficult ſuppurations of numbers not then diſcoverable. As Revel. 13, 18. "Here is wiſdom, let him "that hath underſtanding count the number "of the beaſt."

By 1260 days, almoſt all the interpreters underſtand ſo many years, but not a year of

360 days; becauſe they find no nation that hath ſo ſhort a year. The Egyptians had a year of juſt 365 days; but before St. John was born, the Romans had forced them to allow $365\frac{1}{4}$ as we uſe now in England.

In an enquiry concerning Rome, it is fit to conſider the length of a Roman year. (I may juſtly ſay a Roman-Moyed; for no city ever had their years length and form of a calendar determined, ſetled, and commanded with ſo much abſolute authority as Rome had) Julius Cæſar by an edict commanded that number of $365\frac{1}{4}$ to be obſerved, aud therefore it is called a Julian year. Three Julians and an half, have days $1278\frac{3}{8}$ but Julian years $1378\frac{3}{8}$ are 1278 Julian years, and days $136\frac{31}{32}$; or almoſt 137 days.

Almoſt 100 years ago, Pope Gregory the XIII. by a papal bull introduced a calendar wherein the years length is ſuppoſed to have days $365\frac{97}{500}$. Then three Gregorian years and an half have days $1278\frac{279}{800}$. But Gregorian years $1278\frac{279}{800}$ are 1278 Julian years, and days almoſt 118. Wherefore inſtead of adding 1260, add 1278, add 137 days to the year of our Lord 410, Auguſt 26. The ſum ſhews the year of our Lord 1688, Auguſt 163, that is, ten days after the end of December 1688 old ſtile. This is the utmoſt, or fartheſt day, beyond which no Apocalypſe account (reckoning from Alaric) can point out a time, for the final deſtruction of the city of Rome.

Again (inſtead of adding 1260) add 1278 years, and days 118 to the year of our Lord 410, Auguſt, 24. The ſum ſhews the year of our Lord 1688, Auguſt 142, that is, eleven days before the end of December 1688 old ſtile. This (December 20) is the neareſt or ſooneſt day that can be gathered by Apocalyptic account (reckoning from Alaric) to point out the time of Rome's final ruin. But if it happens not before the eleventh of January, men will make no more reckoning of Alaric; but begin a new account from Attila, in the year of Chriſt, 453.

Calculation to a day (when we can do it) may be defended by a great example. Exod. 12, 41. "At the end of 430 years, even the "ſelf-ſame day, &c." *John Pell.*

Dr. Pell told me, that St. Auguſtin writes ſomewhere, to this purpoſe, viz. "That it "were to be wiſhed, that ſome ſkilful mathe-"matician would take the pains to examine "and conſider the mathematical parts of the "holy ſcripture.

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# OF FATALITIES OF FAMILIES and PLACES.

THE Lord Chancellor Bacon ſays*, " As " for nobility in particular perſons, it " is a reverend thing to ſee an antient caſtle or " building not in decay; or to ſee a fair timber tree ſound and perfect; how much more " to behold an antient noble family, which " hath ſtood againſt the waves and weathers " of time: for new nobility is but the act of " power; but antient nobility is the act of " time.

But *Omnium rerum eſt viciſſitudo:* families, and places have their fatalities, according to that of *Ovid.*

*Fors ſua cuique loco eſt.* Faſt. lib. 4.

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[*] Eſſay XIV. of nobility.

This piece of a verſe puts me in mind of ſeveral places in Wiltſhire, and elſewhere, that are, or have been fortunate to their owners: and *è contra.*

Stourton, (the ſeat of the Lord Stourton) was belonging to this family before the conqueſt. They ſay, that after the victory at Battaile, William the Conqueror came in perſon into the weſt, to receive their rendition; that the Lord Abbot of Glaſtonbury, and the reſt of the Lords and Grandees of the weſtern parts waited upon the Conqueror at Stourton-houſe; where the family continue to this day.

The honourable family of the Hungerfords, is probably of as great antiquity as any in the county of Wilts. Hungerford, (the place of of the barony) was ſold but lately by Sir Edward Hungerford, Knight of the Bath; as alſo the noble and ancient ſeat of Farleigh-Caſtle, about *anno* 167. But that this eſtate ſhould ſo long continue is not very ſtrange; for it being ſo vaſt, 'twas able to make ſeveral with-ſtandings againſt the ſhock of fortune.

The family of Gawen, have been long at Norington, in the pariſh of Alvideſton in Wiltſhire. It was ſold by —— Gawen, Eſq. to Sir Wadham Wyndham, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, about 1665. They continued in this place four hundred fifty and odd years. Then alſo was ſold their eſtate in Broad-Chalk, which they had as long, or perhaps longer. On the ſouth down of the farm of Broad-Chalk, is a little barrow, called Gawen's Barrow. (which muſt be before eccleſiaſtical canons were conſtituted; for ſince, burials are only in conſecrated ground) King Edgar gave the manor and farm of Broad-Chalk to the nuns of Wilton-Abby, which is 900 years ago.

Mr. Thinne, in his explanation of the hard words in Chaucer, writes thus, Gawen, fol. 23, p. 1. This Gawyn was ſiſters ſon to Arthur the Great, King of the Britains, a famous man in war, and in all manner of civility; as in the acts of the Britains we may read. In the year 1082, in a province of Wales, called Roſe, was his ſepulchre found. *Chaucer*, in the Squire's Tale.

This ſtraunger night that came thus ſodenly
All armed, ſave his head, full royally
Salued the King, and Queen, and Lordes all
By order as they ſitten in the Hall
With ſo high Reverence and Obeiſaunce
As well in Speech as in Countenaunce,
That Gawain with his old Courteſie,
Though he came again out of Fairie,
He could him not amend of no word.

Sir William Button of Tockenham, Baronet, (the father) told me, that his anceſtors had the leaſe of Alton-farm (400l. *per annum)* in Wilts, (which anciently belonged to Hyde-Abby *juxta Winton)* four hundred years. Sir William's leaſe expired about 1652, and ſo fell into the hands of the Earl of Pembroke.

Clavel, of Smedmore, in the Iſle of Purbec, in the county of Dorſet, was in that place before the conqueſt, as appears by Dooms-day book. The like is ſaid of Hampden, of Hampden in Bucks: their pedigree ſays, that one of that family had the conduct of that county in two invaſions of the Danes. Alſo Pen of Pen, in that county, was before the conqueſt, as by Dooms-day book.

Contrariwiſe, there are ſeveral places unlucky to their poſſeſſors, *e. g.* Charter-houſe, on Mendip in Somerſetſhire, never paſſed yet to the third generation. The manor of Butleigh near Glaſtonbury, never went yet to the third generation.

Bletchington, in Oxfordſhire, continued in the family of the Panures, for about 300 years: it was alienated by —— Panure, to Sir John Lenthal, about the year 1630, who ſold it again to Sir Thomas Coghill, about 1635. He ſold it to William Lewis, Eſq. whoſe relict made it over to the Duke of Richmond and Lenox, about the year 166. His Grace ſold it to Arthur, Earl of Angleſey, about the year 166.

Fatality of proper names of Princes. *e. g.* Auguſtus, the firſt Roman Emperor, and Auguſtulus, the laſt. Conſtantine, the firſt Grecian Emperor, and Conſtantine, the laſt. The like is obſerved of the firſt and laſt Mexican Emperors. And the Turks have a propheſy that the laſt Emperor will be a Mahomet.

John, hath been an unfortunate name to Kings. All the ſecond Kings ſince the conqueſt have been unfortunate.

London-Derry was the firſt town in Ireland that declared for the Parliament againſt King Charles I. and for the Prince of Orange againſt King James II. It was cloſely beſieged both times without effect. The King's party were once maſters of all the kingdom, except London-Derry and Dublin, and King James had all in his power but London-Derry and Inniſkilling. One Taylor, a miniſter, was as famous for his martial feats in the firſt ſiege, as Walker in the laſt.

'Tis certain, that there are ſome houſes unlucky to their inhabitants, which the reverend and pious Dr. Nepier could acknowlodge. See *Tobit*, chap. 3, v. 8. "That ſhe "had been married to ſeven huſbands, whom "Aſmodæus, the evil ſpirit had killed, before "they had lain with her.

The Fleece-tavern, in Covent-garden, (in York-ſtreet) was very unfortunate for Homicides:

cides: there have been ſeveral killed, three in my time. It is now (1692) a private houſe.

A handſome brick houſe on the ſouth ſide of Clerken-well church-yard had been ſo unlucky for at leaſt forty years, that it was ſeldom tenanted; and at laſt, no body would adventure to take it. Alſo a handſome houſe in Holborn, that looked toward the fields; the tenants of it did not proſper, ſeveral, about ſix.

At the ſign of —— over againſt Northumberland houſe, near Charing-Croſs, died the Lady Baynton, (eldeſt daughter of Sir John Danvers of Dantſey.) Some years after, in the ſame houſe, died my Lady Hobbey (her ſiſter) of the ſmall-pox, and about twenty years after, died their nephew Henry Danvers, Eſq. of the ſmall-pox, aged twenty-one, wanting two weeks. He was nephew and heir to the Right Honourable Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby.

Edmund Wild, Eſq. hath had more Deodands from his manor of Totham in Eſſex, than from all his eſtate beſides: two miſchiefs happened in one ground there.

Diſinheriting the eldeſt ſon is forbid in the holy ſcripture, and eſtates diſinherited are obſerved to be unfortunate; of which one might make a large catalogue. See Dr. *Saunderſon*'s Sermon, where he diſcourſes of this ſubject.

### *Periodical Small-Poxes.*

The ſmall-pox is uſually in all great towns:* but it is obſerved at Taunton in Somerſetſhire, and at Sherborne in Dorſetſhire, that at one of them at every ſeventh year, and at the other at every ninth year comes a ſmall-pox, which the phyſicians cannot maſter, *e. g.*

Small-pox in Sherborn † during the year 1626

And during the year 1634.

From Michaelmas 1642, to Mich. 1643.

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* This account I had from Mr. Thomas Ax.

† Extracted out of the regiſter-book.

From Michaelmas 1649, to Mich. 1650.

From Michaelmas 1657, to Mich. 1658.

In the year 1667, from Jan. to Sept. 1667.

Mr. Ax promiſed me to enquire the years it happened there after 1670, and 1680; but death prevented him.

Small-pox in Taunton all the year 1658.*

Likewiſe in the year 1670.

Again in the year 1677.

Again very mortal in the year 1684.

Mr. Ax alſo promiſed me to enquire at Taunton the years it happened there after 1660.

It were to be wiſhed that more ſuch obſervations were made in other great towns.

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* Out of the regiſter-book.

Platerus makes the like obſervations in the ſecond book of his Practice, p. 323. He practiſed at Baſil, fifty-ſix years, and did obſerve, that every tenth year they died of the plague there.

See Captain J. Graunt's obſervations on the bills of mortality at London, (indeed written by Sir William Petty, which in a late tranſaction he confeſſed) for the periodical plagues at London, which (as I remember) are every twenty-fifth year.

# *Oſtenta:* or, PORTENTS.

"HOW it comes to paſs, I know not;[*] "but by ancient and modern example "it is evident, that no great accident befalls a "city or province, but it is preſaged by divination, or prodigy, or aſtrology, or ſome "way or other. I ſhall here ſet down a few "inſtances.

A Rainbow appeared about the ſun before the battle of Pharſalia. See *Appian*, and Mr. *T. May*'s 5th book of his Continuation of Lucan.

"*Ex Chronico Saxonico*, p. 112, *Anno* 1104, "*fuit primus Pentecoſtes dies Nonis Junii, & die* "*Martis ſequente, conjuncti ſunt quatuor Circuli* "*circa Solem, albi coloris, & quiſque ſub alio* "*collocatus, quaſi picti eſſent. Omnes qui videbant*

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[*] Diſcourſes of Nicholas Machiavel, book 1. chap. 56.

“ *obſtupuerunt, propterea quod nunquam ante tales*
“ *meminerant. Poſt hæc facta eſt Pax inter Comitem*
“ *Robertum de Normanniâ, & Robertum de*
“ *Bælæſme i. e.*

In the year 1104, on the firſt day of Pentecoſt, the ſixth of June, and on the day following being Tueſday, four circles of a white colour, were ſeen to roll in conjunction round the ſun, each under the other regularly placed, as if they had been drawn by the hand of a painter. All who beheld it were ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, becauſe they could not learn that any ſuch ſpectacles had ever happened in the memory of man. After theſe things it is remarkable, that a peace was immediately ſet on foot, and concluded between Robert, Earl of Normandy, and Robert de Bælæſme.

The Duke of York (afterwards Edward IV.) met with his enemies near to Mortimer's Croſs, on Candlemas day in the morning, at which time the Sun (as ſome write) appeared to him like three Suns, and ſuddenly joined altogether in one, and that upon the ſight thereof, he took ſuch courage, that he fiercely ſet on his enemies, and them ſhortly diſcomfited: for which cauſe, men imagined that he gave Sun in his full brightneſs for his cogniſance or badge. *Halle*, F. 183, b. 4.

Our Chronicles tells us, that *Anno Secundo Reginæ Mariæ*, 15th of February, two ſuns appeared, and a rainbow reverſed: ſee the bow turned downwards, and the two ends ſtanding upwards, before the coming in of King Philip.

The phænomenon, fig. 1, was ſeen at Broad-Chalk in Wiltſhire, on the firſt day of May, 1647. It continued from about eleven o'clock (or before) till twelve. It was a very clear day; but few did take notice of it, becauſe it was ſo near the ſun-beams. My mother happened to eſpy it, going to ſee what o'clock it was by an horizontal dial; and then all the ſervants ſaw it. Upon the like occaſion, Mr. J. Sloper, B. D. vicar there, ſaw it, and all his family; and the ſervants of Sir George Vaughan, (then of Falſton) who were hunting on the downs, ſaw it. The circles were of rainbow colour; the two filots, which croſs the greater circle, (I preſume they were ſegments of a third circle) were of a pale colour. The ſun was within the interſections of the circles.

The next remarkable thing that followed was, that on the third of June following*; Cornet Joice carried King Charles I. priſoner from Holdenby to the Iſle of Wight. The Iſle of Wight lieth directly from Broad-Chalk, at the 10 o'clock point.

The phænomenon, fig. 2, was ſeen in the north ſide of the church-yard of Biſhops-Lavington in Wiltſhire, about the latter end of September 1688, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

This was more than a ſemicircle.

B. B. Two balls of light. They were about eleven degrees above the Horizon by the quadrant; obſerved by Mr. Robert Blea, one of the Earl of Abingdon's gentlemen.

" *Cicero de Natura Deorum*, lib. 2. *Multa*
" *præterea Oſtentis, multa ex eis admonemur, mul-*

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* See Sir W. Dugdale's hiſt. of the Civil Wars.

" *tiſque rebus aliis, quas diuturnus uſus ita nota-*
" *rit, ut artem Divinationis efficeret. i. e.*

Beſides, we learn a world of things from theſe Portents and Prodigies, and many are the warnings and admonitions we receive from them, and not only from them indeed, but from a number of extraordinary accidents, upon which daily uſe and conſtant obſervation has fixed ſuch marks, that from thence the whole art of divination has been compounded.

# OMENS.

BEFORE the battle at Philippi began, two eagles fought in the air between the two armies: both the armies ſtood ſtill and beheld them, and the army was beaten that was under the vanquiſhed eagle. See *Appian*'s Hiſt. part 2. lib. 4. §. 2.

It is worthy of notice, that, at the time the cities of Jeruſalem and Antioch were taken from the Pagans, the Pope, that then was, was called *Urban*, and the Patriarch of Jeruſalem was called *Eraclius*, and the Roman Emperor was called *Frederick*; in like manner when Jeruſalem was taken from the Chriſtians by the ſiege of Saladin, the Pope was called *Urban*; the Patriarch of Jeruſalem, *Eraclius*; and the Emperor, *Frederick*: and it is remarkable that, fourſcore and ſeven years paſſed between theſe two events. *Hoveden.* f. 363.

Mathew Parker, *ſeventieth* Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, in the *ſeventieth* year of his age, feaſted Queen Elizabeth on her birth day, 1559, in his palace at Canterbury. *Parker. Vitæ*, 556.

It is matter of notable conſideration, ſays a Spaniſh hiſtorian, that the royal throne of the Moriſh Kings of Granada, began and ended in the times of the *Fernandos* of Caſtille; beginning in the time of Saint *Fernando*, the third of that name, and ending in that of the Catholic King, Don *Fernando* the fifth, his ſucceſſor in the ninth deſcent. In the ſame manner it is obſervable that, the firſt Moriſh King was called *Mahomad*, and the laſt had the ſame name of *Mahomad:* which reſembles what paſſed in the empire of Conſtantinople, where the firſt and laſt Emperors were called *Conſtantines*. *Garibay*, L. 40. C. 43.

The ſame author mentions it as an extraordinary circumſtance that, at one time lived in Caſtille, Arragon, and Portugal, three Kings called *Pedros*, and whoſe fathers were named *Alonſos*, who were alſo Kings at the ſame time. L. 14. C. 35.

While Edward, Duke of York*, was declaring his title, in the Chamber of the Peers, there happened a ſtrange chance, in the very ſame time, amongſt the Commons in the nether houſe, then there aſſembled: for a *Crown*, which did hang in the middle of the ſame, to garniſh a branch to ſet lights upon, without touch of any creature, or rigor of wind, ſuddenly fell down, and at the ſame time alſo, fell down the *Crown*, which ſtood on the top of the Caſtle of Dover: as a ſign and prognoſtication, that the *Crown* of the realm ſhould be divided and changed from one line to another. *Halle*'s Chronicle, H. 6. F. 181.

*Anno* 1506. Through great tempeſt of wind in January, Philip, King of Caſtile and his wife, were weather-driven and landed at Falmouth. This tempeſt blew down the *Eagle of Braſs* from the ſpire of St. Paul's church in London, and in the falling, the ſame eagle broke and battered the *black Eagle* †, which hung for a ſign in St. Paul's Church-yard. *Stow*'s Annals, 484.

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* Father of Edward IV.

† The black Eagle is the cognizance of the houſe of Auſtria, of which Philip was head.

The ſilver croſs that was wont to be carried before Cardinal Wolſey, fell out of its ſocket, and was like to have knocked out the brains of one of the Biſhop's ſervants. A very little while after, came in a meſſenger, and arreſted the Cardinal, before he could get out of the houſe. See *Stow*'s Chronicle.

'Tis commonly reported, that before an heir of the Cliftons, of Clifton in Nottinghamſhire, dies, that a Sturgeon is taken in the river Trent, by that place.

Thomas Flud, Eſq. in Kent, told me that it is an old obſervation, which was preſſed earneſtly to King James I. that he ſhould not remove the Queen of Scots body from Northamptonſhire, where ſhe was beheaded and interred: for that it always bodes ill to the family, when bodies are removed from their graves. For ſome of the family will die ſhortly after, as did Prince Henry, and I think Queen Ann.

A little before the death of Oliver, Protector, a Whale came into the river Thames,

and

and was taken at Greenwich, —— feet long. 'Tis ſaid Oliver was troubled at it.

When I was a freſhman at Oxford, 1642, I was wont to go to Chriſt Church, to ſee King Charles I. at ſupper; where I once heard him ſay, "That as he was hawking in "Scotland, he rode into the quarry, and found "the covey of partridges falling upon the "hawk; and I do remember this expreſſion "further, viz. and I will ſwear upon the book "'tis true." When I came to my chamber, I told this ſtory to my tutor; ſaid he, *that covey was* London.

The buſt of King Charles I. carved by Bernini, as it was brought in a boat upon the Thames, a ſtrange bird (the like whereof the bargemen had never ſeen) dropped a drop of blood, or blood-like upon it; which left a ſtain not to be wiped of. This buſt was carved from a picture of Sir Anthony Van Dyke's drawing: the ſculptor found great fault with the fore-head as moſt unfortunate. There was a ſeam in the middle of his fore-head, (downwards) which is a very ill ſign in Metopoſcopie.

Colonel Sharington Talbot was at Nottingham, when King Charles I. did ſet up his ſtandard upon the top of the tower there. He told me, that the firſt night, the wind blew it ſo, that it hung down almoſt horizontal; which ſome did take to be an ill omen.

The day that the long Parliament began, 1641, the Sceptre fell out of the figure of King Charles in wood, in Sir Thomas Trenchard's hall at Wullich, in Dorſet, as they were at dinner in the parlour: Juſtice Hunt then dined there.

The picture of Arch-Biſhop Laud, in his cloſet, fell down (the ſtring broke) the day of the ſitting of that Parliament. This is mentioned in Canterbury's doom by W. Prynn.

The pſalms for the eleventh day of the month, are 56, 57, 58, &c. On the eleventh day of one of the months in the ſummer time, the citizens came tumultuouſly in great numbers in boats and barges over againſt Whitehall, to ſhew they would take the Parliament's part. The pſalms aforeſaid, both for morning and evening ſervice, are as propheſies of the troubles that did enſue.

When the high court of juſtice was voted in the parliament houſe, as Berkenhead (the mace bearer) took up the mace to carry it before the Speaker, the top of the mace fell off. This was avowed to me by an eye witneſs then in the houſe.

The head of King Charles I's. ſtaff did fall off at his trial: that is commonly known.

The ſecond leſſon for the 30th of January in the calendar before the common prayer, is concerning the trial of Chriſt: which, when Biſhop Duppa read, the King was diſpleaſed with him, thinking he had done it of choice; but the Biſhop cleared himſelf by the calendar, as is to be ſeen.

King Charles II. was crowned at the very conjunction of the ſun and Mercury; Mercury being then in *Corde Solis.* As the King was at dinner in Weſtminſter Hall, it thundered and lightened extremely. The cannons and the thunder played together.

King Charles II. went by long ſea to Portſmouth or Plymouth, or both; an extraordinary ſtorm aroſe, which carried him almoſt to France. Sir Jonas Moor (who was then with his Majeſty) gave me this account, and ſaid, that when they came to Portſmouth to refreſh themſelves, they had not been there above half an hour, but the weather was calm, and the ſun ſhone: his Majeſty put to ſea again, and in a little time they had the like tempeſtuous weather as before.

Not long before the death of King Charles II. a Sparrow-hawk eſcaped from the perch, and pitched on one of the iron crowns of the white tower, and entangling its ſtring in the crown, hung by the heels and died. Not long after, another hawk pitched on one of the crowns. From Sir *Edward Sherborne*, Knight.

The Glouceſter frigate caſt away at the Lemanore, and moſt of the men in it; the Duke of York eſcaping in a cock boat, *anno* 1682, May the 5th, on a Friday.

When King James II. was crowned, (according to the ancient cuſtom, the Peers go to the throne, and kiſs the king) the Crown was almoſt kiſſed off his head. An Earl did ſet it right; and as he came from the Abbey to Weſtminſter Hall, the Crown tottered extremely.

The Canopy (of cloth of gold) carried over the head of King James II. by the Wardens of the Cinque Ports, was torn by a puff of wind as he came to Weſtminſter Hall; it hung down very lamentably: I ſaw it.

When King James II. was crowned, a ſignal was given from Weſtminſter Abbey to the Tower, where it was Sir Edward Sherborne's poſt to ſtand to give order for firing the cannons, and to hoiſt up the great flag with the King's arms. It was a windy day, and the wind preſently took the flag half off, and carried it away into the Thames. From Sir *Edward Sherborne.*

The top of his ſceptre (Flower de Lys) did then fall.

Upon Saint Mark's day, after the coronation of King James II. were prepared ſtately fire works on the Thames: it hapened, that they took fire all together, and it was ſo dreadful, that ſeveral ſpectators leaped into the river, chooſing rather to be drowned than burned. In a yard by the Thames, was my Lord Powys's coach and horſes; the horſes were ſo frightened by the fire works, that the coach man was not able to ſtop them, but ran away over one, who with great difficulty recovered.

When King James II. was at Saliſbury, *anno* 1688, the Iron Crown upon the turret of the council houſe, was blown off.—This has been often confidently aſſerted by perſons who were then living.

In February, March, and April, two ravens built their neſts on the weather cock of the high ſteeple at Bakwell in Derbyſhire.

I did ſee Mr. Chriſtopher Love beheaded on Tower Hill, in a delicate clear day; about half an hour after his head was ſtruck off, the clouds gathered blacker and blacker; and ſuch terrible claps of thunder came, that I never heard greater.

'Tis reported, that the like happened after the execution of Alderman Corniſh, in Cheapſide, October 23, 1685.

*Anno* 1643. As Major John Morgan of Wells, was marching with the King's army into the weſt, he fell ſick of a malignant fever at Saliſbury, and was brought dangerouſly ill to my father's at Broad-Chalk, where he was lodged ſecretly in a garret. There came a ſparrow to the chamber window, which pecked the lead of a certain pannel only, and only one ſide of the lead of the lozenge, and made one ſmall hole in it. He continued this pecking and biting the lead, during the whole time of his ſickneſs; (which was not leſs than a month) when the Major went away, the ſparrow deſiſted, and came thither no more. Two of the ſervants that attended the Major, and ſober perſons, declared this for a certainty.

Sir Walter Long's (of Draycot in Wilts)

widow, did make a ſolemn promiſe to him on his death-bed, that ſhe would not marry after his deceaſe, but not long after, one Sir —— Fox, a very beautiful young gentleman did win her love; ſo that notwithſtanding her promiſe aforeſaid, ſhe married him: ſhe married at South-Wraxhall, where the picture of Sir Walter, hung over the parlour door, as it doth now at Draycot. As Sir —— Fox led his bride by the hand from the church, (which is near to the houſe) into the parlour, the ſtring of the picture broke, and the picture fell on her ſhoulder, and cracked in the fall. (It was painted on wood, as the faſhion was in thoſe days) This made her ladyſhip reflect on her promiſe, and drew ſome tears from her eyes.

See Sir Walter Raleigh's hiſtory, book 4. chap. 2. §. 7. The dogs of the French army, the night before the battle of Novara, ran all to the Swiſſes army: the next day, the Swiſſes obtained a glorious victory of the French. Sir Walter Raleigh affirms it to be certainly true.

The laſt battle fought in the north of Ir
land, between the Proteſtants and the Papiſt
was in Glinſuly near Letterkenny in the coun
of Donegall. Veneras, the Biſhop of Cloghe
was General of the Iriſh army; and that
the Parliament army, Sir Charles Coot. Th
pitched their tents on each ſide the river Su
and the Papiſts conſtantly perſiſt in it to th
very day, that the night before the action
a woman of uncommon ſtature, all in whi
appearing to the ſaid Biſhop, admoniſhed hi
not to croſs the river firſt, to aſſault the enem
but ſuffer them to do it, whereby he ſhou
obtain the victory. That if the Iriſh to
the water firſt to move towards the Engli
they ſhould be put to a total rout, which ca
to paſs. Ocahan, and Sir Henry O Ne
who were both killed there, ſaw ſeverally t

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* So an apparition of a woman greater than ordina
beckoned to Julius Cæſar to paſs over the Rubicon, l. ſ
lib. 4. Satyres appeared to Alexander when he beſie
Tyrus; Alexander aſked the divines, what was the
nification of it; they told him the meaning is pla
Σὰ τυρος *(i. e.)* Tyre is thine. Alexander took the to
*Q. Curtius.*

ſa

ſame apparition, and diſſuaded the Biſhop from giving the firſt onſet, but could not prevail upon him. In the mean time, I find nothing in this revelation, that any common ſoldier might not conclude without extraordinary means.

Near the ſame place, a party of the Proteſtants had been ſurprized, ſleeping by the Popiſh Iriſh, were it not for ſeveral wrens that juſt wakened them by dancing and pecking on the drums as the enemy were approaching. For this reaſon the wild Iriſh mortally hate theſe birds, to this day, calling them the Devil's ſervants, and killing them wherever they catch them; they teach their children to thruſt them full of thorns: you will ſee ſometimes on holidays, a whole pariſh running like mad men from hedge to hedge a wren-hunting.

*Anno* 1679. After the diſcovery of the Popiſh plot, the penal laws were put in execution againſt the Roman Catholics; ſo that, if they did not receive the ſacrament according to the church of England, in their pariſh church, they were to be ſeverely proceeded againſt according to law: Mr. Ployden, to avoid the penalty, went to his pariſh church at Laſham, near Alton, in Hampſhire: when Mr. Laurence (the miniſter) had put the chalice into Mr. Ployden's hand, the cup of it (wherein the wine was) fell off. 'Tis true, it was out of order before; and he had a tremor in his hand. The communion was ſtopt by this accident. This was atteſted to me by two neighbouring miniſters, as alſo by ſeveral gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

When King James II. firſt entered Dublin, after his arrival from France, 1689, one of the gentlemen that bore the mace before him, ſtumbled without any rub in his way, or other viſible occaſion. The mace fell out of his hands, and the little croſs upon the crown thereof, ſtuck faſt between two ſtones in the ſtreet. This is very well known all over Ireland, and did much trouble King James himſelf, with many of his chief attendants.

The firſt Moors that were expelled Spain, were in number five thouſand five hundred and fifty-five. They ſailed from Denia, October 2, 1609. *H. Bleda.* Expulſion de Moriſcos. p. 1000.

# D R E A M S.

——῎Θνὰρ και Διος ὲςι. Homer Iliad A.

DREAMS proceed from JOVE.

HE that has a mind to read of dreams, may peruſe *Cicero de Divinatione*, *Hier. Cardani Somniorum Syneſiorum* Lib. IV. and *Moldinarius de Inſomniis*, &c. I ſhall here mention but little out of them, my purpoſe being chiefly to ſet down ſome remarkable and divine dreams of ſome, that I have had the honor to be intimately acquainted with, perſons worthy of belief.

Cicero *de Divinatione*, Lib. I. Hannibalem, Cælius *ſcribit, cùm Columnam auream, quæ eſſet in fano Junonis Laciniæ, auferre vellet, dubitaretque utrum ea ſolida eſſet, an extrinſecus inaurata, perterebraviſſe; cumque ſolidam inveniſſet, ſtatuiſſetque tollere, ſecundum quietem viſam eſſe ei Junonem prædicere, ne id faceret; minitarique, ſi id feciſſet ſe curaturam, ut eum quoque oculum,* *quo bene videret, amitteret; idque ab homine acuto non eſſe neglectum, itaque ex eo auro quod exterebratum eſſet, buculam curaſſe faciendam, & eam in ſumma columna collocaviſſe.* i. e.

Cœlius writes, that Hannibal, when he had a mighty mind to take away a gold pillar, that was in the Temple of Juno Lacinia, being in doubt with himſelf, whether it was ſolid maſſive gold, or only gilt, or thinly plated over on the out ſide, bored it through. When he had found it to be ſolid, and fully deſigned to have it carried off; Juno appeared to him in his ſleep, and forewarned him againſt what he was about, threatening him withal, that if he perſiſted and did it, ſhe would take care that he ſhould loſe the eye, that he ſaw perfectly well with, as he had done the other.

The great man, it ſeems, was too wiſe to ſlight and neglect this warning; nay, he even took care to have a ring made of the very gold, that had been bored out of it, and placed it on the top of the pillar.

——*Cum duo quidam Arcades familiares iter*

*unà facerent, & Megaram veniſſent, alterum ad cauponem divertiſſe; ad hoſpitem alterum. Qui, ut cœnati quieſcerent, concubia nocte viſum eſſe in ſomnis ei qui erat in hoſpitio, illum alterum orare ut ſubveniret, quòd ſibi à caupone interitus pararetur; eum primò perterritum ſomnio ſurrexiſſe; deinde cùm ſe colligiſſet, idque viſum pro nihilo habendum eſſe duxiſſet, recubuiſſe; tum ei dormienti eundem illum viſum eſſe rogare, ut quoniam ſibi vivo non ſubveniſſet, mortem ſuam ne inultam eſſe pateretur; ſe interfectum in plauſtrum â caupone eſſe conjectum, & ſupra ſtercus injectum; petere, ut mané ad portum adeſſet, priuſquam plauſtrum ex opipdo exiret. Hoc verò ſomnio commotum manè bubulco preſtò ad portam fuiſſe, quæſiſſe ex eo, quid eſſet in plauſtro; illum perterritum fugiſſe, mortuum erutum eſſe, cauponem re patefactâ pœnas dediſſe. Quid hoc ſomnio dici divinius poteſt?* i. e.

As two certain Arcadians, intimate companions, were travelling together, it ſo happened, that, when they came to Megara, one of them went to an inn, and the other to a friend's houſe. Both had ſupped at their reſpective places, and were gone to bed; when lo! he, that was at his friend's houſe,

dreamt, that his companion came to him, and begged of him for Heaven's ſake to aſſiſt him, for that the inn-keeper had contrived a way to murder him: frightened at firſt out of his ſleep, he roſe up; but ſoon afterward coming a little better to himſelf, he thought, upon recollection, there was no heed to be given to the viſion, and went very quietly to bed again. But as ſoon as he was got into his ſecond ſleep, the ſame viſion repeated the viſit, but the form of his petition was quite altered. He beſeeched him, that, ſince he had not come to his aſſiſtance, while he was among the living, he would not ſuffer his death however, to go unrevenged. Told him that as ſoon as he was murdered, he was toſſed by the inn-keeper into a waggon, and had a little ſtraw thrown over his corpſe. He entreated him to be ready very early at the door before the waggon was to go out of town. This dream truly diſturbed him it ſeems very much, and made him get up very early: he nicked the time, and met with the waggoner juſt at the very door, and aſked him what he had in his cart. The fellow run away frightned and confounded. The dead body was pulled out of it, and the whole matter coming plainly to light, the inn-keeper ſuffered for the crime.—What is there that one can call more divine than a dream like this?

——*Somnium de* Simonide, *qui, cum ignotum quendam projectum mortuum vidiſſet, eumque humaviſſet, haberetque in animo navem conſcendere, moneri viſus eſt, ne id faceret, ab eo, quem ſepultum affecerat: ſi navigaſſet, eam naufragio eſſe perituram: itaque Simondem rediiſſe periiſſe cæteros, qui tum navigaſſent.*

——The dream of Simonides. This perſon, when he ſaw a certain body thrown dead upon the ſhore, though a ſtranger, cauſed him to be buried. Much about that time he had it in his head to go on ſhip-board, but dreamt that he had warning given him by the man he had got to be interred, not to go; that if he went, the ſhip, would infallibly be caſt away. Upon this Simonides returned, and every ſoul of them beſides that went on board, was loſt.

Cicero *de Divinatione*, Lib. II. *Somnium,* Alexandri. *Qui, cùm* Ptolomæus *familiaris ejus, in prælio, telo venenato ictus eſſet, eóque vulnere ſummo cum dolore moreretur,* Alexander *aſſidens ſomno eſt conſopitus; tum ſecundùm quietem viſus ei dicitur draco is, quem mater* Olympias *alebat, radiculam ore ferre & ſimul dicere quo illa loci naſceretur neque is longe aberat ab eo loco: ejus autem eſſe vim tantam, ut* Ptolomæum *facile ſanaret. Cúm* Alexander *experrectus narraſſet amicis ſomnium, emiſiſſe qui illam radiculam quærerent. Quâ inventâ, &* Ptolomæus *ſanatus dicitur, & multi milites, qui erant eodem genere teli vulnerati.*

*(i. e.)* The dream of Alexander, when his friend Ptolomy was wounded in battle, by an invenomed dart, and died of the wound, in all the extremities of pain and anguiſh; Alexander ſetting by him, and wearied out and quite fatigued, fell into a profound ſleep. In this ſleep, that dragon is reported to have appeared to him, which was bred up by his mother Olympias, carrying a little root in his mouth and to have told him in what ſpot of ground it grew, (nor was it far from that very place) and told him withal it ſeems, that ſuch

was the force, efficacy, and virtue of it, that it would work an eaſy cure upon Ptolomy. When Alexander waked, he told his friends the dream, and ſent ſome out in queſt of this little root. The root (as ſtory ſays) was found, and Ptolomy was healed, ſo were many ſoldiers likewiſe, that had been wounded with the ſame kind of darts.

*Cardanus Somniorum Syneſiorum.* lib. 4, chap. 2. *Narrat Plinius* 35 lib. *Nat. Hiſt. vir ab omnia ſuperſtitione alieniſſimus, Hiſtoriam hujuſmodi.* " Nuper cujuſdam militantis in Prætorio " mater vidit in quiete, ut radicem ſylveſtris " Roſæ (quam *Cynorrhodon* vocant) blanditam " ſibi aſpectu pridie in Fruteto, mitteret filio " bibendam : In Luſitaniâ res gerebatur, Hiſ- " paniæ, proximâ parte : caſuque accidit, ut " milite à morſu Canis incipiente aquas ex- " paveſcere ſuperveniret epiſtola orantis ut " parêret religioni ; ſervatuſque eſt ex inſpe- " rato, & poſteà quiſquis auxilium ſimile " tentavit.

*i. e.* In his natural hiſtory, Pliny, a man the moſt averſe to ſuperſtition, relates to us the following paſſage. Lately, the mother of one of the guards, who attend upon the General, was admoniſhed by a viſion in her ſleep, to ſend her ſon a draught compoſed of the decoction of the root of a wild roſe, (which they call Cynorrhodon) with the agreeable look whereof ſhe had been mightily taken the day before, as ſhe was paſſing through a coppice. The ſeat of the war at that time lay in Portugal, in that part of it next adjoining to Spain, that a ſoldier, beginning to apprehend mighty dangerous conſequences from the bite of a dog, the letter came unexpectedly from her, entreating him to pay a blind obedience to this ſuperſtition. He did ſo, and was preſerved beyond all expectation; and every body afterwards had recourſe to the ſame remedy.

Ibid. Galeni *tria Somnia.*——*Tertium magis dignum miraculo, cum bis per ſomnium admonitus, ut arteriam ſecaret, quæ inter pollicem & indicem eſt, idque agens liberatus ſit à diuturno dolore, quo infeſtabatur eâ in parte, quâ ſepto tranſverſo jecur jungitur, idque in libri de ſectione venæ ſine teſtatus eſt. Magno certè exemplo, quod tantus* *vir in medicina eam adhibuerit ſomnio fidem, ut in ſeipſo periculum vitæ ſubierit, in arte propriâ. Deinde probitatem admiror, ut quò potuerit ſolertia ingenii ſibi inventum aſcribere, Deo cui debebatur, rediderit. Dignus vel hoc ſolo vir immortalitate nominis, & librorum ſuorum.*

Galen's three dreams. The third more worthy of being called a miracle, was, when being twice admoniſhed in his ſleep, to cut the artery that lies between the fore finger and the thumb, and doing it accordingly, he was freed from a continual daily pain with which he was afflicted in that part, where the liver is joined to the midriff; and this he has teſtified at the end of his book of Veneſection. 'Tis certainly a very great example, when a man ſo great as he was in the medicinal art, put ſo much confidence in a dream as to try experiments upon himſelf; where he was to run the riſque of his life, in his own very art. I cannot help but admire his probity in the next place, that where he might have arrogated the merit of the invention to himſelf, and placed it wholly to the account of the ſubtilty and penetration of his own genius, he attributed it to God, to whom it was due. In this alone did the man well deſerve to purchaſe an immortality to his name and his writings.

In his fourth book, chap. 4. *De Exemplis propriis*, he owns the ſolution of ſome difficult problems in Algebra, to his dreams.

*Plinii* Nat. Hiſt. lib. 22, chap. 17. "Vernula charus Pericli Athenienſium Principi, "cùm is in arce templum ædificaret, repſiſſetque ſuper altitudinem faſtigii, & inde "cecidiſſet, hâc herbâ *(Parthenio)* dicitur "Sanatus, monſtrata *Pericli* ſomnio à *Minerva*. "Quare Parthenium vocari cœpta eſt, aſſignaturque ei Deæ.

Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, book 22, chap. 17. "A little Home-bred Slave, that was a darling favourite to Pericles, Prince of the Athenians, and who, while a temple was building in the Prince's palace, had climed up to the very top of the pinnacle, and tumbled down from that prodigious height; is ſaid to have been cured of his fall by the herb *Parthenium*, or mug-wort, which was ſhewn to Pericles in a dream, by Minerva; From hence it originally took the name of *Parthenium*, and is attributed to that Goddeſs.

Auguſtinus, Cui etiam præter ſanctitatem, plena fides adhiberi poteſt, duo narrat inter reliqua ſomnia admiranda. Primum, quod cum quidam mortuo nuper patre venaretur tanquam de pecuniâ quam pater illi ex chirographo debuiſſet, dum incaſtus viveret, hâc cauſâ nocte quâdam umbram patris videt, quæ illum admonuit de perſolutâ pecuniâ & ubi chirographum eſſet repoſitum. Cum ſurrexiſſet, invenit chirographum loco eo quem umbra paterna docuerat, liberatuſque eſt ab injuſto petitore.

Saint Auſtin, to whom even, beſides his ſanctity, we owe an entire credit, tells among others, two very wonderful dreams. The firſt is, when a perſon was arreſted by one, as for a certain ſum of money, which his father had owed him by a note under his own hand, while he led a lewd debauched life, ſaw the ghoſt of his father one night, upon this very account, which told him of the money being paid, and where the acquittance lay. When he got up in the morning, he went and found the acquittance in that very place that his father's ghoſt had directed him to, and ſo was freed from the litigious ſuit of one that made unjuſt demands upon him.

Alterum adhuc magis mirum.

Præſtantius, vir quidam, à Philoſopho petierat dubitationem quandam ſolvi; quod ille pernegavit. Nocte ſequente, tametſi vigilaret Præſtantius, vidit ſibi Philoſophum aſſiſtere, ac dubitationem ſolvere, moxque abire. Cùm die ſequenti obviam Præſtantius eundem habuiſſet Philoſophum, rogat, Cur cùm pridie rogatus nolluiſſet ſolvere illam queſtionem, intempeſtâ nocte, non rogatus, & veniſſet ad ſe & dubitationem aperuiſſet. Cui Philoſophus. Non quidem ego adveni ſed ſomnians viſus ſum tibi hoc Officium præſtare.

The other is much more wonderful ſtill.

A certain gentleman named Preſtantius, had been entreating a Philoſopher to ſolve him a doubt, a doubt, which he abſolutely refuſed to do; The night following, although Preſtantius was broad awake, he ſaw the Philoſopher ſtanding full before him, who juſt explained his doubts to him, and went away the moment after he had done. When Preſtantius met this Philoſopher the next day, he aſks him why, ſince no entreaties could prevail with him the day before, to anſwer his queſtion, he came to him unaſked, and at an unſeaſonable time of night, and opened every point to his ſatisfaction. To whom thus the Philoſopher. "Upon my word it was not me that came to you; but in a dream I thought my own ſelf that I was doing you ſuch a ſervice".

The plague raging in the army of the Emperor Charles V. he dreamt, that the decoction of the root of the dwarf-thiſtle (a mountain plant ſince called the caroline thiſtle) would cure that diſeaſe. See *Gerrard*'s Herbal, who tells us this.

In Queen Mary's time, there was only one congregation of Proteſtants in London, to the number of about three-hundred, one was the deacon to them, and kept the liſt of their names: one of that congregation did dream, that a meſſenger, (Queen's officer) had ſeized on this deacon, and taken his liſt; the fright of the dream awaked him: he fell aſleep and dreamt the ſame perfect dream again. In the morning before he went out of his chamber, the deacon came to him and then he told him his dream, and ſaid, 'twas a warning from God; the deacon ſlighted his advice, as favouring of ſuperſtition; but—— was ſo urgent with him that he prevailed with him to depoſite the liſt in ſome other hand, which he did that day. The next day, the Queen's officer attacked him, and ſearched (in vain) for the liſt, which had it been found, would have brought them all to the flame. *Fox*'s Martyrology.

When Arch Biſhop Abbott's mother (a poor clothworker's wife in Guilford) was with child of him, ſhe did long for a Jack, and ſhe dreamt that if ſhe ſhould eat a Jack, her ſon in her belly ſhould be a great man. She aroſe early the next morning and went with her pail to the river-ſide (which runneth by the houſe, now an ale-houſe, the ſign of the three mariners) to take up ſome water, and in the water in the pail ſhe found a good jack, which ſhe dreſſed, and eat it all, or very near. Several of the beſt inhabitants of Guilford were invited (or invited themſelves) to the chriſtening of the child; it was bred up a ſcholar in the town, and by degrees, came to be Arch Biſhop of Canterbury.

In the life of Monſieur Perieſk, writ by Gaſſendus, it is ſaid, that Monſieur Perieſk, who had never been at London, did dream, that he was there, and as he was walking in a great ſtreet there, eſpied in a goldſmith's glaſs deſk, an antique coin, he could never meet with. (I think an Otho) When he came to London, walking in (I think) Cheap-ſide, he ſaw ſuch a ſhop, and remembered the countenance of the goldſmith in his dream, and found the coin deſired, in his deſk. See his life.

When Doctor Hamey (one of the phyſicians college in London) being a young man, went to travel towards Padoa, he went to Dover, (with ſeveral others) and ſhewed his paſs, as the reſt did, to the Governor there. The Governor told him, that he muſt not go, but muſt keep him priſoner. The Doctor deſired to know for what reaſon? how he had tranſgreſt? well it was his will to have it ſo. The pacquet-boat hoiſted ſail in the evening (which was very clear) and the Doctor's companions in it. There enſued a terrible ſtorm, and the pacquet-boat and all the paſſengers were drowned: the next day the ſad news was brought to Dover. The Doctor was unknown to the Governor, both by name and face; but the night before, the Governor had the perfect viſion in a dream, of Doctor Hamey, who came to paſs over to Calais; and that he had a warning to ſtop him. This the Governor told the Doctor the next day. The Doctor was a pious, good man, and has ſeveral times related this ſtory to ſome of my acquaintance.

My Lady Seymour dreamt, that ſhe found a neſt, with nine finches in it. And ſo many children ſhe had by the Earl of Winchelſea, whoſe name is Finch.

The Counteſs of Cork (now Burlington) being at Dublin, dreamt, that her father, (the Earl of Cumberland) who was then at York, was dead. He died at that time.

'Tis certain, that ſeveral had monitory dreams of the conflagration of London.

Sir Chriſtopher Wren, being at his father's houſe, *anno* 1651, at Knahill in Wilts, (a young Oxford ſcholar) dreamt, that he ſaw a fight in a great market-place, which he knew not; where ſome were flying, and others purſuing; and among thoſe that fled, he ſaw a kinſman of his, who went into Scotland to the King's army. They heard in the country, that the King was come into England, but whereabout be was, they could not tell. The next night his kinſman came to his father at Knahill, and was the firſt that brought the news of the fight at Worceſter.

When Sir Chriſtopher Wren was at Paris,

about 1671, he was ill and feveriſh, made but little water, and had a pain in his reins. He ſent for a phyſician, who adviſed him to be let blood, thinking he had a pluriſy: but bleeding much diſagreeing with his conſtitution, he would defer it a day longer: that night he dreamt, that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, (ſuppoſe Ægypt) and that a woman in a romantic habit, reached him dates. The next day he ſent for dates, which cured him of the pain of his reins.

Since, I have learned that dates are an admirable medicine for the ſtone, from old Captain Tooke of K——.Take ſix or ten date-ſtones, dry them in an oven, pulverize and ſearce them; take as much as will lie on a ſix-pence, in a quarter of a pint of white wine faſting, and at four in the afternoon: walk or ride an hour after: in a week's time it will give eaſe, and in a month cure. If you are at the Bath, the Bath water is better than white wine to take it in.

Sir John Hoſkin's Lady, when ſhe lay in of her eldeſt ſon, had a ſwelling on one ſide of her belly, the third day when the milk came, and obſtructions: ſhe dreamt that ſyrup of elderberries and diſtilled water of wormwood would do her good, and it did ſo; ſhe found eaſe in a quarter of an hour after ſhe had taken it. I had this account from her Ladyſhip's own mouth.

Captain —— Wingate told me, that Mr. Edmund Gunter, of Greſham College, did caſt his nativity, when about ſeventeen or eighteen years old; by which he did prognoſticate that he ſhould be in danger to loſe his life for treaſon. Several years before the civil wars broke out, he had dreamt that he was to be put to death before a great caſtle, which he had never ſeen; which made a ſtrong impreſſion in his memory. In *anno* 1642, he did oppoſe the church ceremonies, and was choſen a member of Parliament, then was made a Captain, and was taken priſoner at Edge Hill, by Prince Rupert, and carried to Kenelworth Caſtle, where he was tried by a council of war, and condemned to die: but they did better conſider of it, and ſpared his life; for that he being ſo conſiderable a perſon, might make an exchange for ſome of the King's party*: and he was exchanged for the Right Honourable Montague, Earl of Lindſey (heir of the General.) Since the reſtoration, he was made one of the commiſſioners of the exciſe office in London. He did proteſt that Keneiworth caſtle was the very caſtle he ſaw in his dream.

Sir Roger L'Eſtrange was wont to divertiſe himſelf with cocking in his father's (Sir Hammond L'Eſtrange's) park; he dreamt that there came to him in ſuch a place of the park, a ſervant, who brought him news, that his father was taken very ill. The next day going to his uſual recreation, he was reſolved for his dream ſake to avoid that way; but his game led him to it, and in that very place the ſervant came and brought him the ill news according to his dream.

Mr. Edmund Halley, R. S. S. was carried

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* Captain Wingate was a priſoner in Oxford, after Edgehill fight, 1642.

on with a ſtrong impulſe to take a voyage to St. Hellens, to make obſervations of the ſouthern conſtellations, being then about twenty-four years old. Before he undertook his voyage, he dreamt that he was at ſea, ſailing towards that place, and ſaw the proſpect of it from the ſhip in his dream, which he declared to the Royal Society, to be the perfect repreſentation of that iſland, even as he had it really when he approached to it.

A Gentlewoman dreamt that a pulteſs of blew corants, would cure her ſore throat; and it did ſo. She was a pious woman, and affirmed it to be true.

*Anno* 1690. One, in Ireland, dreamed of a brother or near relation of his, (who lived at Ameſbury in Wiltſhire) that he ſaw him riding on the downs, and that two thieves robbed him and murdered him. The dream awaked him, he fell aſleep again and had the like dream. He wrote to his relation an account of it, and deſcribed the thieves complexion, ſtature and cloaths; and adviſed him to take care of himſelf. Not long after he had received this monitory letter, he rode towards Saliſbury, and was robbed and murdered; and the murderers were diſcovered by this letter, and were executed. They hang in chains on the road to London.

'Twas revealed to a King of Scots, that if he drank of the water of Muſwell, he would be cured. After great enquiry they heard of ſuch a place, not far from Hornſey in Middleſex. See *Weaver*'s Funeral Monuments of the Well. *John Norden*'s Deſcription of Middleſex. Here was afterwards founded a religious houſe for Auſtin Monks: ſince it belonged to Sir Thomas Row, and in 1677, was pulled down and the materials ſold. Anciently the Kings of Scotland were feudatory to the Kings of England, and did their homage every Chriſtmas day. They had ſeveral lodges belonging to them for their reception in their journey; as at Huntingdon, &c. See *Caxton*'s Chronicle concerning this.

The water of this ſpring is drank for ſome diſtempers ſtill.

*Somnium ex Eubernea porta.*

Mrs. Cl——, of S——, in the county of S——, had a beloved daughter, who had been a long time ill, and received no benefit from her phyſicians. She dreamed that a friend of hers deceaſed, told her, that if ſhe gave her daughter a drench of yew pounded, that ſhe would recover; ſhe gave her the drench, and it killed her. Whereupon ſhe grew almoſt diſtracted: her chamber maid to complement her, and mitigate her grief, ſaid ſurely that could not kill her, ſhe would adventure to take the ſame herſelf; ſhe did ſo, and died alſo. This was about the year 1670, or 1671. I knew the family.

A Gentlewoman, of my acquaintance, dreamed, that if ſhe ſlept again, the houſe would be in danger to be robbed. She kept awake, and anon thieves came to break open the houſe, but were prevented.

J. H. Eſq. being at Weſt-Lavington with the Earl of Abbingdon, dreamed, December the 9th, his mother roſe up in mourning: and anon the Queen appeared in mourning. He told his dream the next morning to my

Lord, and his Lordſhip imparted it to me (then there) Tueſday, December 11. In the evening came a meſſenger, poſt from London, to acquaint Mr. H. that his mother was dangerouſly ill: he went to London the next day; his mother lived but about eight days longer. On Saturday, December 15, the Queen was taken ill, which turned to the ſmall pox, of which ſhe died, December 28, about two o'clock in the morning.

Sir Thomas White, Alderman of London, was a very rich man, charitable and public ſpirited. He dreamt that he had founded a college at a place where three elms grow out of one root. He went to Oxford, probably with that intention, and diſcovering ſome ſuch tree near Glouceſter Hall, he began to repair it, with a deſign to endow it. But walking afterwards by the Convent where the Bernardines formerly lived, he plainly ſaw an elm with three large bodies riſing out of the ſame root: he forthwith purchaſed the ground, and endowed his college there, as it is at this day, except the additions which Arch Biſhop Laud made, near the outſide of which building in the garden belonging to the preſident, the the tree is ſtill to be ſeen. He made this diſcovery about the year 1557.

There are millions of ſuch dreams too little taken notice of, but they have the trueſt dreams whoſe IXth houſe is well dignified, which mine is not: but muſt have ſome monitory dreams. The Germans are great obſervers of them. It is ſaid in the life of Vavaſor Powell, that he was a great obſerver of dreams, (p. 17 and 114, of his life) that he had many warnings from them, that God had ſpoken to himſelf and others by them; for warning, inſtruction, or reproof. And it is alſo there averred, that Angels had appeared to him. See p. 8, of his life.

In Mr. Walton's life of Sir Hen. Wotton, there is a remarkable ſtory of the diſcovery of ſtolen plate in Oxford, by a dream which his father had at Boſton-Mulharb, in Kent. See in *Ath. & Faſti. Oxon.* vol. 1. p. 351.

William Penn, proprietor of Penſylvania, told me, that he went with his mother on a viſit to Admiral Dean's wife, who lived then in Petty-France; the Admiral was then at ſea. She told them, that, the night before, ſhe had a perfect dream of her huſband, whom ſhe ſaw walking on the deck, and giving directions, and that a cannon bullet ſtruck his arm into his ſide. This dream did much diſcompoſe her, and within forty-eight hours ſhe received news of the fight at ſea, and that her huſband was killed in the very manner aforeſaid.

Sir Berkley Lucy, ſold the fabric of the chapel of Nettley Abby, to one Taylor, a carpenter of Southampton, who took off the roof, and pulled down great part of the walls. During the time that this Taylor was in treaty for the chapel, he was much diſturbed in his ſleep with frightful dreams, and as ſome ſay, apparitions; and one night he dreamt that a large ſtone, out of one of the windows of the chapel, fell upon him and killed him. The undertaker, though ſtaggered with theſe intimations, finiſhed his agreement, and ſoon after fell to work on pulling down the chapel; but he was not far advanced in it, when endeavouring with a pickax to get out ſome ſtones at the bottom of the weſt wall, in which there was a large window, the whole body of the window fell down ſuddenly upon him, and cruſhed him to pieces. *Willis's* Mitred Abbies. vol. 2, p. 205, 6.

Jan. 1774. One Daniel Healy, of Donaghmore, in Ireland, having three different times dreamed that money lay concealed under a large ſtone in a field near where he lived, procured ſome workmen to aſſiſt him in removing it, and when they had dug as far as the foundation, it fell ſuddenly and killed Healy on the ſpot.

March 25, 1779. This morning A. B. dreamt that he ſaw his friend C. D. throw himſelf from a bridge into a river, and that he could not be found. The ſame evening, reading Dr. Geddes's account of *Ignatius Loyala*, p. 105. 5th tract. v. 3, he met with the following particular of him; as he was going into Bononia, he tumbled off a bridge into a moat full of mud; this circumſtance was quite new. Every tittle of the above is ſtrictly true, as the writer will anſwer it to God.—To what can be attributed ſo ſingular an impreſſion upon the imagination when ſleeping?

### *Comical Hiſtory of three Dreamers.*

Three companions, of whom two were Tradeſmen and Townſmen, and the third a Villager, on the ſcore of devotion, went on pilgrimage to a noted ſanctuary; and as they went on their way, their proviſion began to fail them, inſomuch that they had nothing to eat, but a little flour, barely ſufficient to make of it a very ſmall loaf of bread. The tricking townſmen ſeeing this, ſaid between themſelves: we have but little bread, and this companion of ours is a great eater; on which account it is neceſſary we ſhould think how we may eat this little bread without him. When they had made it and ſet it to bake, the tradeſmen ſeeing in what manner to cheat the countryman, ſaid: let us all ſleep, and let him that ſhall have the moſt marvellous dream betwixt all three of us, eat the bread. This bargain being agreed upon, and ſettled between them, they laid down to ſleep. The countryman, diſcovering the trick of his companions, drew out the bread half baked, eat it by himſelf, and turned again to ſleep. In a while, one of the tradeſmen, as frightened by a marvellous dream, began to get up, and was aſked by his companion, why he was ſo frightened? he anſwered, I am frightened and dreadfully ſurprized by a marvellous dream: it ſeemed to me that two Angels, opening the gates of Heaven, carried me before the throne of God with great joy: his companion ſaid: this is a marvellous dream, but I have ſeen another more marvellous, for I ſaw two Angels, who carried me over the earth to Hell. The countryman hearing this, made as if he ſlept; but the townſmen, deſirous to finiſh their trick, awoke him; and the countryman, artfully as one ſurprized, anſwered: Who are theſe that call me? They told him, we are thy companions. He aſked them: How did you return? They anſwered: We never went hence; why d'ye talk of our return? The countryman replied: It appeared to me that two Angels, opening the gates of Heaven, carried one of you before our Lord God, and dragged the other over the earth to Hell, and I thought you never would return hither, as I have never heard that any had returned from Paradiſe, nor from Hell, and ſo I aroſe and eat the bread by myſelf.—From an old edition of *Lazarillo de Tormes.*

# APPARITIONS.

CYNTHIA, Propertius's miſtreſs, did appear to him after her death, with the beryl-ring on her finger. See *Propertius*, eleg. 7, lib. 4.

*Sunt aliquid manes, letum non omnia finit,*
*Luridaque evictos effugit umbra rogos.*
Cynthia *namque meo viſa eſt incumbere fulcro,*
*Murmur ad extremæ nuper humata viæ:*
*Quum mihi ab ixequiis ſomnus penderet amaris.*
*Et quererer lecti frigida regna mei.*
*Eoſdem habuit ſecum, quibus eſt elata, capillos,*
*Eoſdem oculos. Lateri veſtis aduſta fuit.*
*Et ſolitum digito beryllon adederat ignis,*
*Summaque Lethæus triverat ora liquor:*
*Spirantiſque animos, & vocem miſit, at illi*
*Pollicibus fragiles increpuere manus.*

Thus tranſlated by Mr. DART.

Manes exiſt, when we in death expire,
And the pale ſhades eſcape the funeral fire;
For

For Cynthia's form beſide my curtains ſtood,
Lately interr'd near Aniens' murm'ring flood.
Thoughts of her funeral would not let me cloſe
Theſe eyes, nor ſeek the realms of ſtill repoſe;
Around her ſhoulders wav'd her flowing hair,
As living Cynthia's treſſes ſoft and fair:
Beauteous her eyes as thoſe once fir'd my breaſt,
Her ſnowy boſom bare, and ſing'd her breaſt.
Her beryl-ring retain'd the fiery rays,
Spread the pale flame, and ſhot the funeral
 blaze;
As late ſtretch'd out the bloodleſs ſpectre
 ſtood,
And her dead lips were wet with Lethe's flood.
She breath'd her ſoul, ſent forth her voice
 aloud,
And chaf'd her hands as in ſome angry mood.

St. Auguſtin affirms that he did once ſee a ſatyr or dæmon.

The antiquities of Oxford, tell us, that St. Edmund, Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, did ſometimes converſe with an angel, or nymph, at a ſpring without St. Clement's pariſh near Oxford; as Numa Pompilius did with the nymph

Egeria. This well was ſtopped up ſince Oxford was a garriſon.

Charles the ſimple, King of France, as he was hunting in a foreſt, and loſt his company, was frighted to ſimplicity by an apparition.

Philip Melancthon, writes that the apparition of a venerable perſon came to him in his ſtudy, and bade him to warn his friend Grynæus to depart from him as ſoon as he could, or elſe the inquiſitors would ſeize on him; which monitory dream ſaved Grynæus's life.

Mr. Fiennes Moriſon, in his travels, ſaith, that when he was at Prague, the apparition of his father came to him; and at that very time his father died.

### In the life of JOHN DONNE, Dean of St. Paul's, London, writ by Iſaac Walton.

At this time of Mr. Donne's, and his wife's living in Sir Robert Drury's houſe in Drury-Lane, the Lord Haye was by King James, ſent upon a glorious embaſſy, to the then French King Henry the IV. and Sir Robert put on a ſudden reſolution to accompany him to the French Court, and to be preſent at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as ſudden a reſolution, to ſubject Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey; and this deſire was ſuddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherways under ſo dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that ſhe proteſted an unwillingneſs to allow him any abſence from her; ſaying her divining ſoul boded her ſome ill in his abſence, and therefore deſired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aſide all thoughts of his journey, and really to reſolve againſt it. But Sir Robert became reſtleſs in his perſuaſions for it, and Mr. Donne was ſo generous as to think he had ſold his liberty, when he had received ſo many charitable kindneſſes from him, and told his wife ſo; who, therefore with an unwilling-willingneſs did give a faint conſent to the journey, which was propoſed to be but for two months: within a few days after this reſolve, the Ambaſſador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne, left London, and were the twelfth day got ſafe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in the room, where Sir Robert and he, with ſome others, had dined: to this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour, and as he left, ſo he found Mr. Donne alone, but in ſuch an extacy, and ſo altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him, inſomuch as he earneſtly deſired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the ſhort time of his abſence? to which Mr. Donne was not able to make a preſent anſwer, but after a long and perplexed pauſe, ſaid, "I "have ſeen a dreadful viſion ſince I ſaw you: "I have ſeen my dear wife paſs twice by me "through this room, with her hair hanging "about her ſhoulders, and a dead child in her "arms; this I have ſeen ſince I ſaw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure Sir, you have "ſlept ſince I ſaw you, and this is the reſult of "ſome melancholy dream, which I deſire you "to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was, "I cannot be "ſurer that I now live, than that I have not "ſlept ſince I ſaw you, and am ſure that at "her ſecond appearing, ſhe ſtopt and lookt "me in the face and vaniſhed."—Reſt and ſleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day, for he then affirmed this viſion with a more deliberate, and ſo confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief, that the viſion was true—It is truly ſaid, that deſire and doubt have no reſt, and it proved ſo with Sir Robert, for he immediatly ſent a ſervant to Drury-Houſe, with a charge to haſten back and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive? and if alive, in what condition ſhe was as to her health. The 12th day the meſſenger returned with this account—that he found and left Mrs. Donne very ſad, ſick in her bed, and that, after a long and dangerous labour, ſhe had been delivered of a dead child: and upon examination, the abortion proved to be the ſame day, and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he ſaw her paſs by him in his chamber.—

Henry IV. King of France, not long before he was ſtabbed by Ravillac, as he was hunting in the foreſt, (I think of Fontaine-Bleau) met in a thicket, the Gros Venure, who ſaid to him, *Demandez vous?* or *Entendez vous)* he could not tell whether of the two.

There is a tradition, (which I have heard from perſons of honour) that as the Protector Seymour and his Dutcheſs were walking in the gallery at Sheen, (in Surrey) both of them did ſee a hand with a bloody ſword come out of the wall. He was afterwards beheaded.

Sir John Burroughes being ſent envoy to the Emperor by King Charles I. did take his eldeſt ſon Caiſho Burroughes along with him, and taking his journey through Italy, left his ſon at Florence, to learn the language; where he having an intrigue with a beautiful courtiſan, (miſtreſs of the Grand Duke) their familiarity became ſo public, that it came to the Duke's ear, who took a reſolution to have him murdered; but Caiſho having had timely notice of the Duke's deſign, by ſome of the Engliſh there, immediately left the city without acquainting his miſtreſs with it, and came to England; whereupon the Duke being diſappointed of his revenge, fell upon his miſtreſs in moſt reproachful language; ſhe on the other ſide, reſenting the ſudden departure of her gallant, of whom ſhe was moſt paſſionately enamoured, killed herſelf. At the ſame moment that ſhe expired, ſhe did appear to Caiſho, at his lodgings in London; Colonel Remes* was then in bed with him, who ſaw her as well as he; giving him an account of her reſentments of his ingratitude to her, in leaving her ſo ſuddenly, and expoſing her to the fury of the Duke, not omitting her own tragical exit, adding withal, that he ſhould be ſlain in a duel, which accordingly happened; and thus ſhe appeared to him frequently, even when his younger brother (who afterwards was Sir John) was in bed with him. As often as ſhe did appear, he would cry out with great ſhrieking, and trembling of his body, as anguiſh of mind, ſaying, O God! here ſhe comes, ſhe comes, and at this rate ſhe appeared till he was killed; ſhe appeared to him the morning before he was killed. Some of my acquaintance have told me, that he was one of the moſt beautiful men in England, and very valiant, but proud and blood-thirſty.

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* This Colonel Remes was a Parliament man, and did belong to the wardrobe, *tempore Caroli* II.

This ſtory was ſo common, that King Charles I. ſent for Caiſho Burroughes's father, whom he examined as to the truth of the matter; who did (together with Colonel Remes) aver, the matter of fact to be true, ſo that the King thought it worth his while to ſend to Florence, to enquire at what time this unhappy lady killed herſelf; it was found to be the ſame minute that ſhe firſt appeared to Caiſho, being in bed with Colonel Remes. This relation I had from my worthy friend Mr. Monſon, who had it from Sir John's own mouth, brother of Caiſho; he had alſo the ſame account from his own father, who was intimately acquainted with old Sir John Burroughes and both his ſons, and ſays, as often as Caiſho related this, he wept bitterly.

*Anno* 1647, the Lord Mohun's ſon and heir, (a gallant gentleman, valiant, and a great maſter of fencing and horſemanſhip) had a quarrel with Prince Griffin; there was a challenge, and they were to fight on horſe-back in Chelſea-fields in the morning: Mr. Mohun went accordingly to meet him; but about Ebery-Farm, he was met by ſome who quarrelled with him and piſtoled him; it was believed, by the order of Prince Griffin; for he was ſure, that Mr. Mohun, being ſo much the better horſeman, &c. would have killed him, had they fought.

In James-ſtreet, in Covent-Garden, did then lodge a gentlewoman, a handſome woman, but common, who was Mr. Mohun's ſweet heart. Mr. Mohun was murdered about ten o'clock in the morning; and at that very time, his miſtreſs being in bed, ſaw Mr. Mohun come to her bed-ſide, draw the curtain, look upon her and go away: ſhe called after him, but no anſwer: ſhe knocked for her maid, aſked her for Mr. Mohun; ſhe ſaid, ſhe did not ſee him, and had the key of her chamber door in her pocket. This account my friend aforeſaid, had from the gentlewoman's own mouth, and her maid's.

A parallel ſtory to this, is, that Mr. Brown, (brother-in-law to the Lord Coningſby.) diſcovered

covered his being murdered to ſeveral. His phantom appeared to his ſiſter and her maid in Fleet-ſtreet, about the time he was killed in Herefordſhire, which was about a year ſince, 1693.

Sir Walter Long of Draycot, (grandfather of Sir James Long) had two wives; the firſt a daughter of Sir —— Packington in Worceſterſhire; by whom he had a ſon: his ſecond wife was a daughter of Sir John Thynne of Long-Leat; by whom he had ſeveral ſons and daughters. The ſecond wife did uſe much artifice to render the ſon by the firſt wife, (who had not much Promethean fire) odious to his father; ſhe would get her acquaintance to make him drunk; and then expoſe him in that condition to his father; in fine, ſhe never left off her attempts, till ſhe got Sir Walter to diſinherit him. She laid the ſcene for doing this, at Bath, at the aſſizes, where was her brother Sir Egrimond Thynne, an eminent ſerjeant at law, who drew the writing; and his clerk was to ſit up all night to engroſs it; as he was writing, he perceived a ſhadow on the parchment, from the candle; he looked up, and there appeared a hand, which immediately vaniſhed; he was ſtartled at it, but thought it might be only his fancy, being ſleepy; ſo he writ on; by and by a fine white hand interpoſed between the writing and the candle (he could diſcern it was a woman's hand) but vaniſhed as before; I have forgot, it appeared a third time. But with that the clerk threw down his pen, and would engroſs no more, but goes and tells his maſter of it, and abſolutely refuſed to do it. But it was done by ſomebody, and Sir Walter Long was prevailed with to ſeal and ſign it. He lived not long after; and his body did not go quiet to the grave, it being arreſted at the church porch by the truſtees of the firſt lady. The heir's relations took his part, and commenced a ſuit againſt Sir Walter, (the ſecond ſon) and compelled him to accept of a moiety of the eſtate; ſo the eldeſt ſon kept South-Wraxhall, and Sir Walter, the ſecond ſon, Draycot-Cernes, &c. This was about the middle of the reign of King James I.

I muſt not forget an apparition in my country, which appeared ſeveral times to

Doctor Turbervile's ſiſter, at Saliſbury; which is much talked of. One married a ſecond wife, and contrary to the agreement and ſettlement at the firſt wife's marriage, did wrong the children by the firſt venter. The ſettlement was hid behind a wainſcot in the chamber, where the Doctor's ſiſter did lie: and the apparition of the firſt wife did diſcover it to her. By which means right was done to the firſt wife's children. The apparition told her that ſhe wandered in the air, and was now going to God. Dr. Turbervile (oculiſt) did affirm this to be true. See Mr. *Glanvill's* *Sadduciſmus Triumphatus.*

To one Mr. Towes, who had been ſchool-fellow with Sir George Villers, the father of the firſt Duke of Buckingham, (and was his friend and neighbour) as he lay in his bed awake, (and it was day-light) came into his chamber, the phantom of his dear friend Sir George Villers: ſaid Mr. Towes to him, why, you are dead, what make you here? ſaid the Knight, I am dead, but cannot reſt in peace for the wickedneſs and abomination of my ſon George, at Court. I do appear to you, to tell him of it, and to adviſe and dehort him from his evil ways. Said Mr. Towes, the Duke will not believe me, but will ſay, that I am mad, or doat. Said Sir George, go to him from me, and tell him by ſuch a token (a mole) that he had in ſome ſecret place, which none but himſelf knew of. Accordingly Mr. Towes went to the Duke, who laughed at his meſſage. At his return home, the phantom appeared again; and told him, that the Duke would be ſtabbed (he drew out a dagger) a quarter of a year after: and you ſhall out live him half a year; and the warning that you ſhall have of your death, will be, that your noſe will fall a bleeding. All which accordingly fell out ſo. This account I have had (in the main) from two or three; but Sir William Dugdale affirms what I have here taken from him to be true, and that the apparition told him of ſeveral things to come, which proved true, *e. g.* of a priſoner in the Tower, that ſhall be honourably delivered. This Mr. Towes had ſo often the ghoſt of his old friend appear to him, that it was not at all terrible to him. He was ſurveyor of the works at Windſor, (by the favour of the Duke)

Duke) being then ſitting in the hall, he cried out, the Duke of Buckingham is ſtabbed: he was ſtabbed that very moment.

This relation Sir William Dudgale had from Mr. Pine, (neighbour to Mr. Towes without Biſhops-gate) they were both great lovers of muſic, and ſworn brothers. Mr. W. Lilly, aſtrologer, did print this ſtory falſe, which made Sir Edmund Wyndham (who married Mr. Pine's daughter) give to Sir George Hollis this true account contrary to Mr. Lilly.

Mr. Thomas Ellyot, Groom of the bedchamber, married Sir Edmund Wyndham's daughter, and had the roll (of near a quire of paper) of the conferences of the apparition and Mr. Towes. Mr. Ellyot was wont to ſay, that Mr. Towes was (not a bigot, or did trouble himſelf much about a religion, but was) a man of great morals.

Sir William Dugdale did farther inform me that Major General Middleton (ſince Lord) went into the Highlands of Scotland, to endeavour to make a party for King Charles the firſt. An old gentleman (that was ſecond-ſighted) came and told him, that his endeavour was good; but he would be unſucceſsful, and moreover, "that they would put the King to death: And that ſeveral other attempts would be made, but all in vain: but that his ſon would come in, but not reign; but at laſt would be reſtored. This Lord Middleton had a great friendſhip with the Laird Bocconi, and they had made an agreement, that the firſt of them that died ſhould appear to the other in extremity. The Lord Middleton was taken priſoner at Worceſter fight, and was priſoner in the Tower of London, under three locks. Lying in his bed penſive, Bocconi appeared to him; my Lord Middleton aſked him if he were dead or alive? he ſaid, dead, and that he was a ghoſt; and told him, that within three days he ſhould eſcape, and he did ſo, in his wife's cloaths. When he had done his meſſage, he gave a friſk, and ſaid,

*Givenni Givanni* 'tis very ſtrange,
In the world to ſee ſo ſudden a change.

And then gathered up and vaniſhed. This

account Sir William Dugdale had from the Biſhop of Edinburgh. And this, and the former account he hath writ in a book of miſcellanies, which I have ſeen, and is now repoſited with other books of his in the Muſæum at Oxford.

*Anno* 1670, not far from Cirenceſter, was an apparition: being demanded, whether a good ſpirit, or a bad? returned no anſwer, but diſappeared with a curious perfume and moſt melodious twang. Mr. W. Lilly believes it was a fairy. So *Propertius*.

*Omnia finierat; tenues ſeceſſit in auras:*
*Manſit odor; poſſes ſcire fuiſſe Deam.*

Here, her ſpeech ending, fled the beauteous fair,
Melting th' embodied form to thinner air,
Whom the remaining ſcent a goddeſs did declare.

The learned Henry Jacob, fellow of Merton college in Oxford, died at Dr. Jacob's, M. D. houſe in Canterbury. About a week after his death, the doctor being in bed and awake, and the moon ſhining bright, ſaw his couſin Henry ſtanding by his bed, in his ſhirt, with a white cap on his head, and his beard-muſtachoes turning up, as when he was alive. The doctor pinched himſelf and was ſure he was awaked: he turned to the other ſide, from him; and, after ſome time, took courage to turn the other way again towards him; and Henry Jacob ſtood there ſtill, he ſhould have ſpoken to him, but he did not; for which he has been ever ſince ſorry. About half an hour after, he vaniſhed. Not long after this, the cook-maid, going to the wood-pile to fetch wood to dreſs ſupper, ſaw him ſtanding in his ſhirt upon the wood-pile.* This account I had in a letter from Doctor Jacob 1673, relating to his life, for Mr. Anthony Wood; which is now in his hands.

When Henry Jacob died, he would fain have ſpoken to the Doctor, but could not, his tongue faltered.† 'Tis imagined, he would

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* Se the whole ſtory in *Ath. & Faſti Oxon.* Part 2, p. 91.

† This very ſtory Dr. Jacob told me himſelf, being then

have told Doctor Jacob, with what perſon he had depoſited his manuſcripts of his own writing; they were all the riches he had, 'tis ſuſpected, that one had them, and printed them under his own name. —— See there in the ſaid *Athenæ*, vol. or part 2. p. 90.

T. M. Eſq. an old acquaintance of mine hath aſſured me, that about a quarter of a year after his firſt wife's death, as he lay in bed awake with his grand-child, his wife opened the cloſet door, and came into the chamber by the bed ſide, and looked upon him and ſtooped down and kiſſed him; her lips were warm, he fancied they would have been cold. He was about to have embraced her, but was afraid it might have done him hurt. When ſhe went from him, he aſked her when he ſhould ſee her again? ſhe turned about and ſmiled, but ſaid nothing. The cloſet door ſtriked as it uſes to do, both at her coming in and going out. He had every

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at Lord Teynham's in Kent, where he was then phyſician to my eldeſt ſon; whom he recovered from a fever. (*A Wood*'s note.)

night a great coal fire in his chamber, which gave a light as clear almoſt as a candle. He was hypochondriacal; he married two wives ſince, the latter end of his life was uneaſy.

*Anno* 165—At —— in the Moorlands in Staffordſhire, lived a poor old man, who had been a long time lame. One Sunday in the afternoon he being alone, one knocked at his door: he bade him open it, and come in. The ſtranger deſired a cup of beer; the lame man deſired him to take a diſh and draw ſome, for he was not able to do it himſelf. The Stranger aſked the poor old man how long he had been ill? the poor man told him. Said the Stranger I can cure you. Take two or three balm leaves ſteeped in your beer for a fortnight, or three weeks, and you will be reſtored to your health; but conſtantly and zealouſly ſerve God. The poor man did ſo, and became perfectly well. This Stranger was in a purple-ſhag gown, ſuch as was not ſeen or known in thoſe parts. And no body in the ſtreet after even ſong did ſee any one in ſuch a coloured habit. Doctor Gilbert Sheldon, ſince Archbiſhop of Canterbury, was then in the Moorlands,

lands, and juſtified the truth of this, to Elias Aſhmole, Eſq. from whom I had this account, and he hath inſerted it in ſome of his memoirs, which are in the Muſæum at Oxford.

Mr. J. Lydal of Trinity college, *Soc. Oxon.* March 11, 1649, 50, atteſts the enſuing relation, in a letter to Mr. Aubrey, thus,

Mr. Aubrey,

Concerning that which happened at Woodſtock, I was told by Mr. William Hawes (who now lives with Sir William Fleetwood in the Park) that the committee which ſat in the manor-houſe, for ſelling the King's lands were frighted by ſtrange apparitions; and that the four ſurveyors which were ſent to meaſure the park, and lodged themſelves with ſome other companions in the manor, were pelted out of their chambers by ſtones thrown in at the windows; but from what hands the ſtones came they could not ſee; that their candles were continually put out, as faſt as they lighted them; and that one with his ſword drawn to defend a candle, was with his own ſcabbard in the mean time well cudgelled; ſo that for the blow, or for fear, he fell ſick, and the others were forced to remove; ſome of them to Sir William Fleetwood's houſe, and the reſt to ſome other places. But concerning the cutting of the oak, in particular, I have nothing.

Your friend,

To be commanded to my power,

JOHN LYDALL.

One Lambert, a gun-ſmith at Hereford, was at Caermarthen, to mend and put in order the ammunition of that county, before the expedition to Scotland, which was in 1639. He was then a young man, and walking on the ſand by the ſea ſide, a man came to him (he did verily believe it was a man) and aſked him, if he knew Hereford? yes, quoth he, I am a Hereford man. Do you know it well quoth the other; perfectly well, quoth Lambert. " That city ſhall be begirt (he told me " he did not know what the word begirt

" meant then) by a foreign nation, that will
" come and pitch their camp in the Hay-
" wood, and they ſhall batter ſuch a gate,
" which they did, (I have forgot the name of
" it) and ſhall go away and not take it.

The Scots came in 1645, and encamped before Hereford in the Hay-wood, and ſtormed the —— gate, and raiſed the ſiege. Lambert did well remember this diſcourſe, but did not heed it till they came to the Hay-wood. Many of the city had heard of this ſtory, but when the——gate was ſtormed, Lambert went to all the guards of the town, and encouraged them with more than ordinary confidence: and contrary to all human expectation, when the beſieged had no hope of relief, the Scots raiſed the ſiege, September 2, 1645, and went back into Scotland, *re infecta.* I knew this Lambert, and took this account from his own mouth; he is a modeſt poor man, of a very innocent life, lives poor, and cares not to be rich.

—— A miniſter, who lived by Sir John Warre in Somerſetſhire, about 1665, walking over the Park to give Sir John a viſit, was rencountered by a venerable old man, who ſaid to him, " prepare your ſelf, for ſuch a day " (which was about three days after) you ſhall " die." The Miniſter told Sir John Warre, and my Lady this ſtory, who heeded it not. On the morning forewarned, Sir John called upon the Parſon early to ride a hunting, and to laugh at his prediction: his maid went up to call him, and found him ſtark dead. This from my Lady Katharine Henley, who had it from my Lady Warre. But Dr. Burnet, in the life of the Earl of Rocheſter, makes it a dream.

This put me in mind of a ſtory in the Legend, &c. of King Edward the Confeſſor, being forewarned of his death by a Pilgrim, to whom St. John the Evangeliſt revealed it, for which the King gave the Pilgrim a rich ring off his finger: and the event anſwered. The ſtory is well painted on glaſs, in a window of the ſouth iſle of Weſtminſter-Abbey, (the next window from that over the door that opens into the weſt walk of the cloyſter) it is the beſt window in the church. Underneath the two figures, viz. of the King and the Pilgrim, are theſe following verſes, viz.

*Rex cui nil aliud præſto fuit, accipe, dixit.*
*Annulum, & ex digito detrahit ille ſuo.*
——*Evangeliſtæ* —— *villa Johannis.*
—— —— *gratia petit.*

The verſes under the Pilgrim are not legible. This ſtory is in *Caxton*'s Chronicle.

Dr. —— Twiſs, miniſter of the new church at Weſtminſter, told me, that his father, (Dr. Twiſs, prolocutor of the aſſembly of divines, and author of *Vindiciæ Gratiæ)* when he was a ſchool boy at Wincheſter, ſaw the phantom of a ſchool-fellow of his, deceaſed, (a rakehell) who ſaid to him "I am damned." This was the occaſion of Dr. Twiſs's (the father's) converſation, who had been before that time, as he told his ſon, a very wicked boy, he was hypochondriacal. There is a ſtory like this, of the converſion of St. Bruno, by an apparition: upon which he became mighty devout, and founded the order of the Carthuſions.

John Evelyn, Eſq. R. S. S. ſhewed us at the Royal-Society, a note under Mr. Smith's hand, the curate of Deptford, that in November 1679, as he was in bed, ſick of an ague, came to him the viſion of a maſter of arts, with a white wand in his hand, and told him that if he did lie on his back three hours, viz. from ten to one, that he ſhould be rid of his ague. He lay a good while on his back; but at laſt being weary he turned, and immediately the ague attacked him; afterwards he ſtrictly followed the directions, and was perfectly cured. He was awake, and it was in the day-time.

This puts me in mind of a dream of old Farmer Good, a neighbour of mine at Broad-Chalk, who being ill, dreamt that he met with an old friend of his, (long ſince deceaſed) by Knighton Aſhes (in that pariſh) who told him, that if he roſe out of his bed, that he would die. He awaked, and roſe to make water, and was immediately ſeized with a ſhivering fit, and died of an ague, aged 84.

The Lady Viſcounteſs Maidſtone told me

ſhe ſaw, (as it were) a fly of fire, fly round about her in the dark, half an hour before her Lord died: he was killed at ſea, and the like before her mother in law the Counteſs of Winchelſea died, (ſhe was then with child.)

A Dutch priſoner at Wood-bridge in Suffolk, in the reign of K. Charles II. could diſcern Spirits; but others that ſtood by could not. The bell tolled for a man newly deceaſed. The priſoner ſaw his phantom, and did deſcribe him to the Parſon of the pariſh*, who was with him; exactly agreeing with the man for whom the bell tolled. Says the priſoner, now he is coming near to you, and now he is between you and the wall, the Parſon was reſolved to try it, and went to take the wall of him, and was thrown down; he could ſee nothing. This ſtory is credibly told by ſeveral perſons of belief.

There is a very remarkable ſtory of an apparition, which Martin Luther did ſee. Mentioned in his Commenſalia or Table-Talk, which ſee.

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* Dr. Hooke, the Parſon of the pariſh, has often told this ſtory.

Thoſe that are delirious in high fevers, ſee (waking, men, and things that are not there.) I knew one Mr. M. L. that took opium, and he did ſee (being awake) men and things that were not preſent, (or perhaps) not in being. Thoſe whoſe ſpleens are ill affected have the like phantaſies. The power of imagination is wonderful.

*De ſeipſo duplicato.*

*Cardanus. Syneſ. Somniorum.* Lib. 11. Cap. 12. *In ſomniis mortis eſt ſignum, quia duo fiunt, cum anima ſeparatur à corpore. Eſt & ſignum morbi in ipſis ægrotantibus, nec tum aliud quicquam ſignificat.*

Of one's being divided into a two-fold perſon.

In dreams it is a ſign of death, becauſe out of one are then made two, when the ſoul is ſeparated from the body. And it is a ſign of the diſeaſe in ſick men, nor ſignifies it any thing elſe at that time.

As concerning apparitions of a man's own ſelf, there are ſundry inſtances, ſome whereof, I ſhall here ſet down.

The Counteſs of Thanet (Earl John's Lady) ſaw as ſhe was in bed with her Lord in London, her daughter my Lady Hatton, who was then in Northamptonſhire at Horton Kirby; the candle was burning in her chamber. Since, viz. *anno* 1675, this Lady Hatton, was blown up with gunpowder ſet on fire by lightning, in the caſtle at Guernſey, where her Lord was Governor*.

The beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, as ſhe was walking in her father's garden at Kenſington, to take the freſh air before dinner, about eleven o'clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition, habit, and every thing, as in a looking-glaſs. About a month after, ſhe died of the ſmall-pox. And it is ſaid that her ſiſter, the Lady Iſabella Thynne, ſaw the like of herſelf alſo, before ſhe died. This account I had from a perſon of honour.

Mrs. E. W. daughter of Sir W. W. affirms that Mrs. J. (her father's ſiſter) ſaw herſelf,

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* See Mr. *Baxter*'s Treatiſe of Spirits.

i. e. her phantom, half a year before ſhe died, for a quarter of an hour together. She ſaid further, that her aunt was ſickly fourteen years before ſhe died, and that ſhe walked living, i. e. her apparition, and that ſhe was ſeen by ſeveral at the ſame time. The like is reported of others.

Mr. Trahern, B. D. (chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord Keeper) a learned and ſober perſon, was ſon of a ſhoe-maker in Hereford: one night as he lay in bed, the moon ſhining very bright, he ſaw the phantom of one of the apprentices, ſitting in a chair in his red waiſtcoat, and head-band about his head, and ſtrap upon his knee; which apprentice was really in bed and aſleep with another fellow-apprentice, in the ſame chamber, and ſaw him. The fellow was living, 1671. Another time, as he was in bed, he ſaw a baſket come ſailing in the air, along by the valence of his bed; I think he ſaid there was fruit in the baſket: it was a phantom. From himſelf.

When Sir Richard Nepier, M. D. of London, was upon the road coming from Bedfordſhire, the chamberlain of the inn, ſhewed him his chamber, the doctor ſaw a dead man lying upon the bed; he looked more wiſtly and ſaw it was himſelf: he was then well enough in health. He went forward on his journey, to Mr. Steward's in Berkſhire, and there died. This account I have in a letter from Elias Aſhmole, Eſq. They were intimate friends.

" In the Deſarts of Africk, you ſhall meet
" oftentimes with fairies appearing in the
" ſhape of men and women, but they vaniſh
" quite away like phantaſtical deluſions*.

I Captain Henry Bell, do hereby declare both to the preſent age and to poſterity, that being employed beyond the ſeas, in ſtate affairs, divers years together, both by King James, and alſo by the late King Charles in Germany. I did hear and underſtand in all places great bewailing and lamentation made, by reaſon of deſtroying and burning of above fourſcore

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[*] *Pliny*'s Natural Hiſt. lib. 7, chap. 2.

thouſand of Martin Luther's books, entituled, His laſt Divine Diſcourſes*.

Upon which divine work or diſcourſes, the reformation, begun before in Germany, was wonderfully promoted and ſpread in other countries.

But afterwards it ſo fell out, that the Pope then living, viz. Gregory XIII. underſtanding what great hurt and prejudice, he and his religion had already received by reaſon of the ſaid Luther's diſcourſes, and alſo fearing that the ſame might bring further contempt and miſchief upon himſelf and his church, he therefore to prevent the ſame, did fiercely ſtir up and inſtigate the Emperor then in being, viz. Rodolphus III. to make an edict through the whole empire, that all the foreſaid printed books ſhould be burned, and alſo that it ſhould be death for any perſon to have or keep a copy thereof, but to burn the ſame, which edict was ſpeedily put in execution accordingly; inſomuch that not one of all the ſaid printed books, nor any one copy of the ſame, could be found out, or heard of in any place.

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* This narrative is in the preface of the tranſlation of Mr. Luther's Table-Talk.

Yet it pleaſed God, that in *anno* 1626, a German gentleman, named Caſparus Van Sparr, with whom, in my ſtay in Germany, about King James's buſineſs, I became familiarly known and acquainted, having occaſion to build upon an old foundation of a houſe, wherein his grand-father dwelt at that time, when the ſaid edict was publiſhed in Germany, for the burning the ſaid books, and digging deep under the ſaid old foundation, one of the ſaid original printed books was there happily found, lying in a deep obſcure hole, being wrapped in a ſtrong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with bees wax within and without, whereby the ſaid book was preſerved fair without any blemiſh.

And at the ſame time Ferdinandus II. being Emperor of Germany, who was a ſevere enemy and perſecutor of the Proteſtant religion, the foreſaid gentleman, and grand-child to him, that had hidden the ſaid book in that obſcure hole, fearing that if the ſaid Emperor ſhould get knowledge that one of the ſaid books were yet forthcoming, and in his cuſtody, whereby not only himſelf might be brought into trouble, but alſo the book be in danger to be deſtroyed, as all the reſt were long before; and alſo calling to mind, that I had the High-Dutch tongue very perfect, did ſend the ſaid original book over hither into England unto me: related to me the paſſages of the preſerving and finding the ſaid book; and earneſtly moved me in his letter, to tranſlate the ſaid book into Engliſh.

Whereupon, I took the ſaid book before me, and many times began to tranſlate the ſame, but always I was hindered therein, being called upon about other buſineſs, inſomuch that by no poſſible means I could remain by that work. Then about ſix weeks after I had received the ſaid book, it fell out, that being in bed with my wife, one night between twelve and one o'clock, ſhe being aſleep, but myſelf yet awake, there appeared unto me an antient man, ſtanding at my bed ſide, arrayed in white, having a long and broad white beard, hanging down to his girdle ſteed, who taking me by the right ear, ſpake theſe words following unto me; "Sirrah, will not you take time to tranſ-"late that book which is ſent unto you out "of Germany? I will provide for you both "place and time to do it:" and then he vaniſhed out of my ſight.

Whereupon being much affrighted, I fell into an extream ſweat, inſomuch that my wife awaking, and finding me all over wet, ſhe aſked me what I ailed; I told her what I had ſeen and heard; but I never did heed or regard viſions nor dreams. And ſo the ſame fell ſoon out of my mind.

Then about a fortnight after I had ſeen the viſion, on a Sunday I went to Whitehall to hear the ſermon, after which ended, I returned to my lodging which was then in King-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, and ſitting down to dinner with my wife, two meſſengers were ſent from the council-board with a warrant to carry me to the keeper of the gate-houſe at Weſtminſter, there to be ſafely kept, until farther order from the Lords of the council; which was done without ſhewing any cauſe * at all, wherefore I was committed; upon which ſaid warrant I was kept there ten whole years cloſe priſoner; where I ſpent five years thereof about tranſlating of the ſaid book: Inſomuch as I found the words very true which the old man in the aforeſaid viſion ſaid unto me, "I will ſhortly "provide you both place and time to tranſ"late it".

Then after I had finiſhed the tranſlation, Dr. Laud, Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, ſent to me in the priſon, by Dr. Bray his chaplain, ten pounds, and deſired to peruſe the book; he afterwards ſent me by Dr. Bray forty pounds. There was a committee of the Houſe of Commons for the printing of this tranſlation, which was in 1652.

* Whatſoever was pretended, yet the true cauſe of the Captain's commitment was, becauſe he was urgent with the Lord Treaſurer for his arrears which amounted to a great ſum, he was not willing to pay, and to be freed from his clamours, clapt him up into priſon.

A full and true relation of the examination and confeſſion of William Barwick and Edward Mangall, of two horrid murders; one committed by William Barwick, upon his wife being with child, near Cawood in Yorkſhire, upon the 14th of April laſt: as likewiſe a full account how it came to be diſcovered by an apparition of the perſon murdered.

The ſecond was committed by Edward Mangall, upon Elizabeth Johnſon, alias Ringroſe, and her baſtard child, on the 4th of September laſt, who ſaid he was tempted thereto by the Devil.

Alſo their trials and convictions before the Honourable Sir John Powel, Knight, one of their Majeſties Juſtices, at the aſſizes holden at York, on the 16th of September, 1690.

AS murder is one of the greateſt crimes that man can be guilty of, ſo is it no leſs ſtrangely and providentially diſcovered, when privately committed. The foul criminal believes himſelf ſecure, becauſe there was no witneſs of the fact. Not conſidering that the all-ſeeing eye of Heaven beholds his concealed iniquity, and by ſome means or other bringing it to light, never permits it to go unpuniſhed. And indeed ſo certainly does the revenge of God purſue the abominated murderer, that, when witneſſes are wanting of the fact, the very ghoſts of the murdered parties cannot reſt quiet in their graves, till they have made the detection themſelves. Of this we are now to give the reader, two remarkable examples that lately happened in Yorkſhire; and no leſs ſignal for the truth of both tragedies, as being confirmed by the trial of the offenders, at the laſt aſſizes held for that county.

The firſt of theſe murders was committed by William Barwick, upon the body of Mary Barwick, his wife, at the ſame time big with child. What were the motives, that induced the man to do this horrid fact, does not appear by the examination of the evidence, or the confeſſion of the party: only it appeared upon the trial, that he had got her with child, before he married her: and 'tis very probable, that, being then conſtrained to marry her, he grew weary of her, which was the reaſon he was ſo willing to be rid of her, though he ventured body and ſoul to accompliſh his deſign.

The murder was committed on Palm-Monday, being the fourteenth of April, about two of the clock in the afternoon, at which time the ſaid Barwick having drilled his wife along 'till he came to a certain cloſe, within ſight of Cawood-Caſtle, where he found the conveniency of a pond, he threw her by force into the water, and when ſhe was drowned, and drawn forth again by himſelf upon the bank of the pond, had the cruelty to behold the motion of the infant, yet warm in her womb. This done, he concealed the body, as it may readily be ſuppoſed, among the buſhes, that uſually encompaſs a pond, and the next night, when it grew duſkiſh, fetching a hay-ſpade from a rick that ſtood in a cloſe, he made a hole by the ſide of the pond, and there ſlightly buried the woman in her cloaths.

Having thus diſpatched two at once, and

thinking himſelf ſecure, becauſe (unſeen) he went the ſame day to his brother in law, one Thomas Lofthouſe of Rufforth, within three miles of York, who had married his drowned wife's ſiſter, and told him he had carried his wife to one Richard Harriſon's, houſe in Selby, who was his uncle, and would take care of her. But Heaven would not be ſo deluded, but raiſed up the ghoſt of the murdered woman to make the diſcovery. And therefore it was upon the Eaſter Tueſday following, about two of the clock in the afternoon, the forementioned Lofthouſe having occaſion to water a quickſet hedge, not far from his houſe; as he was going for the ſecond pail full, an apparition went before him in the ſhape of a woman, and ſoon after ſat down upon a riſing green graſs-plat, right over againſt the pond: he walked by her as he went to the pond; and as he returned with the pail from the pond, looking ſideways to ſee whether ſhe continued in the ſame place, he found ſhe did; and that ſhe ſeemed to dandle ſomething in her lap, that looked like a white bag (as he thought) which he did not obſerve before. So ſoon as he had emptied his pail, he went into his yard, and ſtood ſtill to try whether he could ſee her again, but ſhe was vaniſhed.

In this information he ſays, that the woman ſeemed to be habited in a brown coloured petticoat, waiſtcoat, and a white hood; ſuch a one as his wife's ſiſter uſually wore, and that her countenance looked extreamly pale and wan, with her teeth in ſight, but no gums appearing, and that her phyſiognomy was like to that of his wife's ſiſter, who was wife to William Barwick.

But notwithſtanding the gaſtlineſs of the apparition, it ſeems it made ſo little impreſſion in Lofthouſe's mind, that he thought no more of it, neither did he ſpeak to any body concerning it, 'till the ſame night as he was at his family duty of prayer, that that apparition returned again to his thoughts, and diſcompoſed his devotion; ſo that after he had made an end of his prayers, he told the whole ſtory of what he had ſeen to his wife, who laying circumſtances together, immediately inferred, that her ſiſter was either drowned, or otherwiſe murdered, and deſired her huſband to look after her the next day, which was Wedneſday in Eaſter week. Upon this, Lofthouſe recollecting what Barwick had told him of his carrying his wife to his uncle at Selby, repaired to Harriſon before mentioned, but found all, that Barwick had ſaid, to be falſe; for that Harriſon had neither heard of Barwick, nor his wife, neither did he know any thing of them. Which notable circumſtance, together with that other of the apparition, encreaſed his ſuſpicions to that degree, that now concluding his wife's ſiſter was murdered, he went to the Lord Mayor of York; and having obtained his warrant, got Barwick apprehended, who was no ſooner brought before the Lord Mayor, but his own conſcience then accuſing him, he acknowledged the whole matter, as it has been already related, as it appears by his examination and confeſſion herewith printed: to which are alſo annexed the informations of Lofthouſe, in like manner taken before the Lord Mayor of York, for a further teſtimony and confirmation of what is here ſet down.

On Wedneſday the ſixteenth of September 1690, the criminal, William Barwick, was brought to his trial, before the Honourable Sir John Powel, Knight, one of the Judges of the northern circuit, at the aſſizes holden at York, where the priſoner pleaded not guilty to his indictment: but upon the evidence of Thomas Lofthouſe, and his wife, and a third perſon, that the woman was found buried in her cloaths in the Cloſe by the pond-ſide, agreeable to the priſoner's confeſſion, and that ſhe had ſeveral bruiſes on her head, occaſioned by the blows the murderer had given her, to keep her under water: and upon reading the priſoner's confeſſion before the Lord Mayor of York, atteſted by the clerk, who wrote the confeſſion, and who ſwore the priſoner's owning and ſigning it for truth, he was found guilty, and ſentenced to death, and afterwards ordered to be hanged in chains.

All the defence which the priſoner made, was only this, that he was threatened into the confeſſion that he had made, and was in ſuch a conſternation, that he did not know what he ſaid or did. But then it was ſworn by two witneſſes, that there was no ſuch thing as any threatening made uſe of; but that he made a free and voluntary confeſſion, only with this addition at firſt; that he told the Lord Mayor, he had ſold his wife for five ſhillings; but not being able to name either the perſon or the place where ſhe might be produced, that was looked upon as too frivolous to out-weigh circumſtances, that were proofs too apparent.

The information of Thomas Lofthouſe, of Rufforth, taken upon oath the twenty-fourth day of April, 1690,

WHO ſayeth and deposeth, that one William Barwick, who lately married this informant's wife's ſiſter, came to this informant's houſe, about the fourteenth inſtant, and told this informant, he had carried his wife to one Richard Harriſon's houſe in Selby, who was uncle to him, and would take care of her; and this informant hearing nothing of the ſaid Barwick's wife, his ſaid ſiſter-in-law, imagined he had done her ſome miſchief, did yeſterday go to the ſaid Harriſon's houſe in Selby, where he ſaid he had carried her to; and the ſaid Harriſon told this informant, he knew nothing of the ſaid Barwick, or his wife, and this informant doth verily believe the ſaid Barwick to have murdered her.

THOMAS LOFTHOUSE.

*Jurat die & Anno*
*ſuper dicto coram me,*

S. DAWSON, Mayor.

The examination of the ſaid William Barwick, taken the day and year aboveſaid,

WHO ſayeth and confeſſeth, that he, this examinant, on Monday was ſeventh night, about two of the clock in the afternoon, this examinant was walking in a Cloſe, betwixt Cawood and Wiſtow; and he farther ſayeth, that he threw his ſaid wife into the pond, where ſhe was drowned, and the day following towards the evening, got a hay-ſpade at a hay-ſtake in the ſaid Cloſe, and made a grave beſide the ſaid pond, and buried her;

William Barwick.

*Exam. capt. die*
*& Anno ſuper dict.*
*coram me,*

S. Dawson, Mayor.

The examination of William Barwick, taken the twenty-fifth day of April 1690,

WHO ſayeth and confeſſeth, that he carried his wife over a certain wain-bridge, called Biſhopdike-bridge, betwixt Cawood and Sherborne; and within a lane about one hundred yards from the ſaid bridge, and on the left-hand of the ſaid bridge, he and his wife went over a ſtile, on the left hand of a certain gate, entering into a certain cloſe, on the left hand of the ſaid lane; and in a pond in the ſaid cloſe, adjoining to a quickwood-hedge, did drown his wife, and upon the bank of the ſaid pond, did bury her: and further, that he was within ſight of Cawood Caſtle, on the left hand; and that there was but one hedge betwixt the ſaid cloſe, where he drowned his ſaid wife, and the Biſhopſlates belonging to the ſaid caſtle;

WILLIAM BARWICK.

*Exam. capt. die*
*& Anno ſuper dict.*
*coram me,*

S. DAWSON, Mayor.

On Tueſday, September the ſeventeenth, 1690, at York aſſizes.

THOMAS LOFTHOUSE of Rufforth, within three miles of York city, ſayeth, that on Eaſter Tueſday laſt, about half an hour after twelve of the clock, in the day time, he was watering quickwood, and as he was going for the ſecond pail, there appeared walking before him, an apparition in the ſhape of a woman, ſoon after ſhe ſat down over againſt the pond, on a green hill, he walked by her as he went to the pond, and as he came with the pail of water from the pond, looking ſide-ways to ſee if ſhe ſat in the ſame place, which he ſaw ſhe did; and had on her lap ſomething like a white bag, a dandling of it (as he thought) which he did not obſerve before: after he had emptied his pail of water, he ſtood in his yard, to ſee if he could ſee her again; but could not: he ſays her apparel was brown cloaths, waiſtcoat and petticoat, a white hood, ſuch as his wife's ſiſter uſually wore, and her face looked extream pale, her teeth in ſight, no gums appearing, her viſage being like his wife's ſiſter, and wife to William Barwick.

Signed,

THOMAS LOFTHOUSE.

THE ſecond was a murder committed by one Edward Mangall, upon the body of Elizabeth Johnſon alias Ringroſe, the fourth of September laſt paſt, at a place called King's Cauſey, near Adling-fleet, in the county of York. He had got her with child, at leaſt as ſhe pretended; and was brought to bed of a boy, which ſhe called William, and laid him to Mangall's charge, and required him to marry her: which he refuſed at firſt to do; but afterwards pretending to make her his wife, bid her go before him down King's Cauſey, towards the church, and he would follow her; as he did; but knocked out her brains in a cloſe by the way, and at the ſame time, as was ſhrewdly ſuſpected, killed the child.

This Mangall being examined by Mr. William Mauleverer, the coroner, confeſſed that he had murdered the woman; but denied that he meddled with the boy. And being aſked why he murdered the woman, he made anſwer that the Devil put him upon it; appearing to him in a flaſh of lightning, and directing him where to find the club, wherewith

with he committed the murder. So ready is the Devil with his temptations, when he finds a temper eaſy to work upon.

He was convicted and found guilty upon the evidence of Anne Hinde, and his own confeſſion to the coroner, as may be ſeen by the information annexed; and was thereupon ſentenced to death, and ordered to be hanged in chains, as Barwick was before him, he making no defence for himſelf for ſo foul and horrid a murder, but that he was tempted thereto by the Devil.

Informations taken upon oath, September the 10th, 1690.

The information of Anne Hinde, wife of James Hinde, of Adling-fleet, in the county of York, huſband-man, upon her oath ſaith;

THAT on Monday, the firſt of September, one Elizabeth Johnſon, Alias Ringroſe, came to her houſe in the evening, with a child ſhe called William; and the ſaid Elizabeth the next day told this deponent, that the ſaid Elizabeth was going to Gawthrope, in the county of Lincoln, to ſeek for one Edward Mangall, who had got her with that child, to ſee if he would marry her: upon which this deponent went with the ſaid Elizabeth, to perſuade him to marry her; but he denied having any dealings with her. But this deponent doth further depoſe, that on the fourth of September, the ſaid Edward came to this deponent's houſe, and aſked for the ſaid Elizabeth; if ſhe were there ſhe might ſerve a warrant on him, if ſhe had one, for he was going to Rawclyff, to conſult his friends about it; and after ſome private diſcourſe had betwixt the ſaid Edward and the ſaid Elizabeth, the ſaid Elizabeth told this deponent, that he ſaid, the ſaid Elizabeth might go down King's-Cauſey; and he would follow her, and marry her: and this deponent did ſee the ſaid Elizabeth go down King's-Cauſey; and a little after this deponent ſaw the ſaid Edward alſo go down the King's-Cauſey; and after that, this deponent did not ſee the ſaid

Elizabeth, nor the ſaid child till ſhe ſaw them lie dead.

ANNE HINDE.

*Capt.* 10. *die*

*Septembris* 1690,

*By me*

W. MAULEVERER.

*Un. Coron. Commit. prædict.*

THE examination of Edward Mangall, upon the murder of Elizabeth Johnſon alias Ringroſe, taken before me William Mauleverer, Gent. one of the Coroner's of our Sovereign Lord and Lady King William and Queen Mary, &c.

THE ſaid Edward Mangall did confeſs, that he did murder the ſaid Elizabeth Johnſon alias Ringroſe, upon the fourth day of September inſtant, in a cloſe nigh to King's-Cauſey, he being aſked the reaſon, ſaid the Devil put him upon it, appearing to him in a flaſh of lightning; but denied that he medled with William Johnſon alias Ringroſe, the child.

Taken the 10th of Sept. 1690,

By me

W. Mauleverer, Coroner.

## VOICES.

# VOICES.

*SÆPE etiam & in præliis Fauni auditi, & in rebus turbidis veridicæ voces ex occulto miſſæ eſſe dicuntur. Cujus generis duo ſunt ex multis exempla, ſed maxima. Nam non multo ante Urbem captam exaudita vox eſt à Luco Veſtæ, qui à Palatii radice in novam viam devexus eſt, ut muri & portæ reficerentur: futurum eſſe, niſi proviſum eſſet, ut Roma caperetur. Quod neglectum cùm caveri poterat, poſt acceptam illam maximam cladem explicatum eſt. Ara enim Aio loquenti, quam ſeptam videmus, & adverſus eum locum conſecrata eſt.*

*i. e.* Often even in battles have the Gods of the woods been heard to ſpeak, and in troubleſome times, when the affairs of governments have gone wrong, and been in diſorder and turmoil, voices have been known to ſteal upon the ears of perſons, that came as it were from a corner, but they knew not whence, and told them important truths. Of which kind there are out of a great many, two ex-

examples, and thoſe indeed very rare and extraordinary. For not long before the city was taken, a voice was heard from the grove of Veſta, which went from the foot, and baſis of the palace, ſloping and bending into a new road, that the city walls and gates ſhould be repaired: and that unleſs care was taken of it, the conſequence would be, that Rome would be taken. This being omitted, when proviſion might have been made, was explained after that moſt ſignal and dreadful overthrow. For the altar, which we ſee incloſed, and that fronts that place, was a conſecrated altar.

——*Neque ſolum deorum voces Pythagorei obſervaverunt, ſed etiam hominum, quæ vocant omina*———

*i. e.* Neither did the Pythagoræan Philoſophers obſerve the voices of Gods only, but alſo thoſe of men, which they called Omens.

“ *Nero*——*& lo'n dit qu'on entendoit un ſon*
“ *de trumpette dans les collines d'alentour, des*
“ *gemiſſemens ſur le tombeau de ſa mere.*

Nero, they ſay, heard the ſound of a trumpet among the hills and the rocks round about him, and groans over the tomb of his mother.

In the life of King Henry IV. of France, written by the Arch-Biſhop of Paris, it is recorded, that Charles IX. (who cauſed the maſſacre) was wont to hear ſcreaches, like thoſe of the perſons maſſacred.

St. Auguſtin heard a voice, ſaying, TOLLE, LEGE, take, read. He took up his bible, and dipt on Rom. 13, 13. "Not in rioting and "drunkenneſs, not in chambering and wanton-"neſs, &c." And reformed his manners upon it.

One Mr. Smith, a practitioner of phyſic at Tamworth in Warwickſhire, an underſtanding ſober perſon, reading in *Hillinſhead*'s Chronicle, found a relation of a great fight between Vortigern and Hengeſt, about thoſe parts, at a place called Colemore: a little time after, as he lay awake in his bed, he heard a voice, that ſaid unto him, "You ſhall ſhortly ſee "ſome of the bones of thoſe men and horſes "ſlain, that you read of;" he was ſurprized at the voice, and aſked in the name of God, who it was that ſpoke to him. The voice made anſwer, that he ſhould not trouble himſelf about that; but what he told him ſhould come to paſs. Shortly after, as he went to ſee Colonel Archer (whoſe ſervants were digging for marle) he ſaw a great many bones of men and horſes; and alſo pot-ſherds; and upon the view it appeared to be according to the deſcription in *Hollinſhead*'s Chronicle; and it was the place where the fight was; but it is now called Blackmore.

This was about the year 1685, and I had the account from my worthy friend and old acquaintance Thomas Marriet of Warwickſhire, Eſq. who is very well acquainted with Mr. Smith aforeſaid.

Extracts out of the book, entitled *Relalation de la Noiieille-France*, 1662, and 1663, 12.

" *Les Sauvages avoient eu de preſentiments*
" *auſſi bien que les Francois, de cet horrible Tremble-terre. Voicy la depoſition d'une ſauvage*
" *agé*

" agé 20. fort innocente, ſimple, & ſincere. La
" nuiſt du 4 ou 5 de Febr. 1663 eſtant entirement
" èveillèe, & en plein jugement, aſſiſe comme ſur
" mon ſeant, j'ay entender une voix diſtincte & in-
" telligible, qui m'a dit, Il doit arrive aujourdhuy
" de choſes extrangees, la Terre doit tremble. Je
" me trouveray pour lors ſaiſie d'une grand fra-
" geur, parce que je ne voyois perſonne d'ou peut
" provinir cette voix: Remplie de crainte, ja
" taſchay à m'en dormir auec aſſez de peine: Et
" le jour eſtant venu, je dis a mon mary cequi
" m'eſtoit arrivè. Sur le 9, ou le 10 heure
" de meſme jour, allant au bois pour buſcher, à
" peine j'eſtois entrée en la Foreſt que la meſme
" voix ſe fit——entendre, me diſent meſme choſe,
" & de la meſme facon que la nuict precedente:
" La peur fuit bien plus grande, moy eſtant tout
" ſeule.

*i. e.* The wild inhabitants, as well as the French, had preſages of that dreadful earthquake. See here the depoſition of a Wild Indian, about twenty-ſix years of age, who was very innocent, ſimple, and ſincere. On the night of the 4th or 5th of February, in the year 1663, being perfectly awake, and in

ſound judgment, and ſetting up as were it in my bed, I heard a diſtinct and intelligible voice, that ſaid to me, There will happen to day many ſtrange things. The earth will quake and tremble. I found myſelf ſeized with an extraordinary fear, becauſe I ſaw no perſon from whom the voice could proceed. I, full of terror, with great difficulty, endeavoured to compoſe myſelf to ſleep. And as ſoon as it was day I told my huſband what had happened to me. About nine or ten of the clock the ſame day, going to a foreſt a wood-gathering, I was ſcarce got into the brow of the foreſt, but I heard the ſame voice again, which told me the ſame thing, and in the ſame manner as it had done the night before. My Fear was much greater this time, becauſe I was all alone. She got her burden of wood, and met her ſiſter who comforted her, to whom ſhe told this ſtory, and when ſhe came to her father's caban, ſhe told the ſame ſtory there; but they heard it without any reflections.

" —— *La choſe en demeure la, juſquez à 5. ou*
" *6 heures du ſoir du meſme jour, où un tremble-*
" *ment*

“ *ment de Terre ſurvenant, ils reconnurent par* “ *experience, que cequ'ils m'auoient intendu dire* “ *avant Midy, n'eſtoit que trop uray.*

*i. e.*——The matter reſted there, till about five or ſix of the clock in the evening of the ſame day, when an earthquake coming ſuddenly upon us: experience made them recollect and acknowledge that, what they had heard me ſay before noon, was but too true.

“ *Envoyée au R. P. André Caſtillon Provincial* “ *de la Province de* France *par les Miſſioners de* “ *Peres de la Compagnie de Jeſu. Imprimé à* “ Paris, 1664.

*i. e.* Sent to the reverend father Andrew Caſtillon, provincial of the province of France, by the miſſioners of the fathers of the Society of Jeſus. Printed at Paris, 1664.

“ Livy, makes mention, that before the “ coming of the Gauls to Rome, Marcus “ Ceditius, a Plebeian, acquainted the Senate, “ that paſſing one night about twelve o'clock “ through the Via Nova, he heard a voice

" (bigger than a man's) which adviſed him to " let the Senate know, the Gauls were on " their march to Rome. How thoſe things " could be, it is to be diſcourſed by perſons " well verſed in the cauſes of natural and " ſupernatural events: for my Part I will not " pretend to underſtand them, unleſs (according to the opinion of ſome Philoſophers) we may believe that the air being " full of intelligences and ſpirits, who foreſeeing future events, and commiſerating the " condition of mankind, give them warning " by theſe kind of intimations, that they may " the more timely provide and defend themſelves againſt their calamities. But whatever is the cauſe, experience aſſures us, that " after ſuch denuntiations, ſome extraordinary " thing or other does conſtantly happen.

# IMPULSES.

Cicero de Natura Deorum. lib. 2.

*PRÆTEREA ipſorum Deorum ſæpe præſentiæ, quales ſupra commemoravi,—— declarant, ut ab his, & Civitatibus, & ſingulis Hominibus conſuli. Quod quidem intelligitur etiam ſignificationibus rerum futurarum, quæ tum dormientibus, tum Vigilantibus portentantur.——Nemo vir magnus ſine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.*

*i. e.* Moreover the frequent preſence of the Gods themſelves, as I have above mentioned, plainly manifeſt, that they preſide, with their good advice, as guardians, not only over cities, but particular men. This may be likewiſe certainly underſtood by the ſeveral ſignifications of future events, which are predicted to men both ſleeping and waking—— there was never any one ſingle great man, but what has, in ſome meaſure, partaken of this divine inſpiration.

*Teſtor Deum me olim ante plures menſes melancolia ex adverſo caſu conceptam, Domini patris mei præſentiſſe, ac pronunciaſſe mortem, cum tamen ipſo valdè incolumi, nulla ejus mihi ratio probabilis afferretur: & ſic ipſè poſteà momentum ſui obitus, ſeptem circiter horas antea pronunciavit.*

*i. e.* I call God to witneſs, that formerly ſome months before, having conceived it in a fit of melancholy, from an unlucky event, that I foreknew, and foretold my father's death, when he being quite in health, no probable account of it offered itſelf to me: and in like manner he himſelf afterwards pronounced the moment of his departure near ſeven hours before.

*Imperialis Muſæum Phyſicum.* 104.

Oliver Cromwell had certainly this afflatus. One that I knew, that was at the battle of Dunbar, told me that Oliver was carried on with a divine impulſe; he did laugh ſo exceſſively as if he had been drunk; his eyes ſparkled with ſpirits. He obtained a great victory; but the action was ſaid to be contrary to human prudence. The ſame fit of laughter ſeized Oliver Cromwell, juſt before the battle of Naſeby; as a kindſman of mine, and a great favourite of his, Colonel J. P. then, preſent teſtified. Cardinal Mazarine ſaid, that he was a lucky fool.

In one of the great fields at Warminſter in Wiltſhire, in the harveſt, at the very time of the fight at Boſworth field, between King Richard III. and Henry VII. there was one of the pariſh took two ſheaves, crying (with ſome intervals) now for Richard, now for Henry; at laſt lets fall the ſheaf that did repreſent Richard; and cried, now for King Henry, Richard is ſlain. This action did agree with the very time, day and hour. When I was a ſchool-boy I have heard this confidently delivered by tradition, by ſome old men of our country.

*Monſieur de Scudery* in his Poem, entituled *Rome Vaincue*, fancies an angel to be ſent to Alaric, to impel him to over-run the Roman empire with his ſwarms of northern people. The like may be fancied upon all changes of government; when providence deſtines the ends, it orders the means.

By way of parallel to this, the Pope by the like inſtinct, being at Rome in the conſiſtory, did ſpeak of the engagement in the famous battle of Lepanto, and that the chriſtians were victors. The fight at ſea being two hundred miles or more diſtant from them.

King Charles I. after he was condemned, did tell Colonel Tomlinſon, that he believed, that the Engliſh monarchy was now at an end: about half an hour after, he told the Colonel, "that now he had aſſurance by a ſtrong impulſe "on his ſpirit, that his ſon ſhould reign after "him." This information I had from Fabian Philips, Eſq. of the Inner-temple, who had good authority for the truth of it: I have forgot who it was.

The Lord Roſcomon, being a boy of ten years of age at Caën in Normandy, one day was (as it were) madly extravagant in playing, leaping, getting over the table-boards, &c. He was wont to be ſober enough: they ſaid, God grant this bodes no ill luck to him; in the heat of this extravagant fit, he cries out, my father is dead. A fortnight after, news came from Ireland, that his father was dead. This account I had from Mr. Knolles, who was his governor, and then with him; ſince Secretary to the Earl of Strafford, and I have heard his Lordſhip's relations confirm the ſame.

A very good friend of mine and old acquaintance, hath had frequent impulſes; when he was a commoner at Trinity College, Oxford, he had ſeveral. When he rode towards the Weſt one time in the ſtage coach, he told the company, "We ſhall certainly be robbed," and they were ſo. When a brother of his, a merchant, died, he left him with other effects, a ſhare of a ſhip, which was returning from Spain, and of which news was brought to the Exchange at London of her good condition; he had ſuch an impulſe upon his ſpirit, that he muſt needs ſell his ſhare, though to loſs; and he did ſell it. The ſhip came ſafe to Cornwall, (or Devon) and ſomewhere afterwards fell upon the rocks and ſunk: not a man periſhed; but all the goods were loſt except ſome parrots, which were brought for Queen Katherine.

The good genius of Socrates is much remembered, which gave him warning. The Ethnick Genij are painted like our Angels; ſtrong impulſes are to be referred to them.

The learned Dr. John Pell, hath told me, that he did verily believe, that ſome of his ſolutions of difficult problems were not done *Sine Divino auxilio.*

Mr. J. N. a very underſtanding gentleman, and not ſuperſtitious, proteſted to me, that when he hathbeen over-perſuaded by friends to act contrary to a ſtrong impulſe, that he never ſucceeded.

# KNOCKINGS.

MR. BAXTER's Certainty of the World of Spirits. " A gentleman, formerly " ſeemingly pious, of late years hath fallen " into the ſin of drunkenneſs; and when he " has been drunk, and ſlept himſelf ſober, " ſomething knocks at his beds-head, as if " one knocked on a wainſcot; when they re- " move the bed, it follows him, beſides loud " noiſes on other parts where he is, that all " the houſe heareth.

" It poſeth me to think what kind of ſpirit " this is, that hath ſuch a care of this man's " ſoul, (which makes me hope he will re- " cover.) Do good ſpirits dwell ſo near us? " or, are they ſent on ſuch meſſages? or, is " it his guardian Angel? or, is it the ſoul of " ſome dead friend, that ſuffereth and yet " retaining love to him, as Dives did to his " brethren, would have him ſaved? God keep- " eth yet ſuch things from us in the dark.

Major John Morgan of Wells, did aver, that as he lay in bed with Mr. —— Barlow (ſon of the Dean of Wells) they heard three diſtinct knocks on the bed; Mr. Barlow ſhortly after fell ſick and died.

Three or four days before my father died, as I was in my bed about nine o'clock in the morning perfectly awake, I did hear three diſtinct knocks on the beds-head, as if it had been with a ruler or ferula.

Mr. Hierome Banks, as he lay on his death bed, in Bell-yard, ſaid, three days before he died, that Mr. Jennings of the Inner-temple, (his great acquaintance, dead a year or two before) gave three knocks, looked in, and ſaid, come away. He was as far from believing ſuch things as any man.

Mr. George Ent of the Middle-temple, told me ſome days before he died, that he had, ſuch a *Deceptio Viſus*, he called it.

" In Germany when one is to die out of " one's family, or ſome friends, there will

" ſometimes likewiſe happen ſome token that " ſignifieth the death of one, *e. g.* ſome (or " one) in the houſe heareth the noiſe, as if " a meal-ſack fell down from on high upon " the boards of the chamber; they preſently " go up thither, where they thought it was " done, and find nothing; but all things in " order.

" Alſo at Berlin, when one ſhall die out of " the electoral houſe of Brandenburgh, a woman dreſt in white linen appears always to " ſeveral, without ſpeaking, or doing any " harm, for ſeveral weeks before". This from Jaſper Belſhazer Cranmer, a Saxon gentleman.

# BLOWS INVISIBLE.

MR. Brograve, of Hamel, near Puckridge in Hertfordſhire, when he was a young man, riding in a lane in that county, had a blow given him on his cheek: (or head) he looked back and ſaw that no body was near behind him; anon he had ſuch another blow, I have forgot if a third. He turned back, and fell to the ſtudy of the law; and was afterwards a Judge. This account I had from Sir John Penruddocke of Compton-Chamberlain, (our neighbour) whoſe Lady was Judge Brograve's niece.

Newark (Sir G. L's) has knockings before death. And there is a houſe near Covent Garden that has warnings. The Papiſts are full of theſe obſervations.

The like ſtories are reported of others.

PRO-

# PROPHESIES.

*CICERO de Divinatione*, Lib. I.——*gentem quidem nullam video, neque tam humanam atque doctam: neque tam immanem tam; barbaram, quæ non ſignificari futura, & à quibuſdam intelligi, prædicique poſſe cenſeat.*

*i. e.* I know of no country, either ſo poliſhed and learned, or ſo rude, barbarous and uncivilized, but what always allowed that ſome particular perſons are gifted with an inſight into futurity, and are endued with a talent of prediction.

To paſs by the propheſies of holy writ, the propheſies of Noſtrædamus do foretel very ſtrangely; but not eaſily underſtood till they are fulfilled. The book is now common.

Peter Martyr, in his Decades, tells us, that there was a prophet among the Salvages in America, that did foretel the coming in of ſtrangers in ſhips, which they had not known.

The propheſies of St. Malachi, are exceeding ſtrange. He deſcribes the Popes by their coats of arms, or their names, or manners: if his propheſies be true, there will be but fifteen Popes more. It is printed in a book in Octavo, entituled *Bucelini Hiſtoriæ Nucleus*, 1654, *in calce Libri* thus, *Prophetia Malachiæ Monachi Bangorenſis, & A. Epiſcopi Ardinenſis, Hiberniæ Primatis.* 1665, in two leaves.

Mr. Lancelot Morehouſe, in the time of the civil wars, reſcued a ſheet of parchment in quarto moſt delicately writ, from a taylor's ſheers. It was part of a book, and was a prophecy concerning England in Latin Hexameters; I ſaw it, 1649. It pointed at our late troubles: he gave it to Seth Ward, Biſhop of Saliſbury, and is loſt among other good papers.

In a book* of Mr. William Lilly's, are hieroglyphick prophecies, viz. of the great plague of London, expreſſed by graves and dead corpſes; and a ſcheme with aſcending (the ſign of London) and no planets in the twelve houſes. Alſo there is the picture of London all on fire, alſo moles creeping, &c. Perhaps Mr. Lilly might be contented to have people believe that this was from himſelf. But Mr. Thomas Flatman (poet) did affirm, that he had ſeen thoſe hieroglyphicks in an old parchment manuſcript, writ in the time of the monks.

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* Monarchy: or, No Monarchy, 4to.

In the nave of the cathedral church at Wells, above the capitals of two pillars, are the head of the King, and the head of a Biſhop: it was foretold, that when a King ſhould be like that King, and a Biſhop like that Biſhop, that Abbots ſhould be put down, and Nuns ſhould marry: above the arch, is an abbot or monk, with his head hanging downwards; and a nun with children about her. The inſide of the arch is painted blue, and adorned with ſtars, to ſignify the power and influence of the ſtars. This prophecy was writ in parchment, and hung in a table on one of thoſe pillars, before the civil wars. Dr. Duck (who was chancellor of Wells) ſaid, that he had ſeen a copy of it among the records of the tower at London. It was propheſied 300 years before the reformation. Biſhop Knight was Biſhop here at the reformation, and the picture (they ſay) did reſemble him.

In the Spaniſh hiſtory, it is mentioned, that a vault being opened in Spain, they found there Moors, heads, and ſome writings that did expreſs, when poople reſembling thoſe heads ſhould come into Spain, they would conquer that country: and it was ſo. See this ſtory more at large in *James Howell*'s Letters.

There is a prophecy of William Tyndal, poor vicar of Welling, in the county of Hertford, made in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign. I have ſeen it: it is in Engliſh verſe, two pages and an half in folio. It foretold our late wars. I know one that read it forty years ſince.

A Pro-

### A Prophecy.

*Sexte verere Deos; vitæ tibi terminus inſtat,*
*Cum tuus in medio ardebit Carbunculus igne.*

O thou ſixth King to God due honours pay,
Remember Prince ſoon after thou'lt expire,
When thou behold'ſt thy carbuncle diſplay,
Blaze againſt blaze amidſt the red'ning fire.

Theſe verſes were made by George Buchanan; but (perhaps) the prediction was made by ſome ſecond-ſighted perſon. King James, of Scotland, the ſixth, was taken with an ague, at Trinity-College in Cambridge; he removed to Theobald's; (where he died) ſitting by the fire, the carbuncle fell out of his ring into the fire, according to the prediction. This diſtich is printed in the life of King James.

Before the civil wars, there was much talk of the Lady Anne Davys's propheſies; for which ſhe was kept priſoner in the tower of London. She was ſiſter to the Earl of Caſtleheaven, and wife to Sir John Davys, Lord Chief Juſtice in Ireland; I have heard his kinſman (Counſellor Davys of Shafteſbury) ſay, that ſhe being in London, (I think in the tower) did tell the very time of her huſband's death in Ireland.

## MIRANDA.

# MIRANDA.

OUR Engliſh chronicles do record, that in the reign of King Henry III. a child was born in Kent, that at two years old cured all diſeaſes. Several perſons have been cured of the King's-evil by the touching, or handling of a ſeventh ſon. It muſt be a ſeventh ſon, and no daughter between, and in pure wedlock.

Samuel Scot, ſeventh ſon of Mr. William Scot of Hedington in Wiltſhire, did when a child, wonderful cures by touching only, viz. as to the King's-evil, wens, &c, but as he grew to be a man, the virtue did decreaſe, and had he lived longer, perhaps might have been ſpent. A ſervant boy of his father's was alſo a ſeventh ſon, but he could do no cures at all. I am very well ſatisfied of the truth of this relation, for I knew him very well, and his mother was my kinſwoman.

'Tis certain, the touch of a dead hand,

hath wrought wonderful effects, *e. g.* —— One (a painter) of Stowel in Somerſetſhire, near Bridgewater, had a wen in the inſide of his cheek, as big as a pullet's egg, which by the advice of one was cured by once or twice touching or rubbing with a dead woman's hand, (*é contra,* to cure a woman, a dead man's hand) he was directed firſt to ſay the Lord's prayer, and to beg a bleſſing. He was perfectly cured in a few weeks. I was at the man's houſe who atteſted it to me, as alſo to the reverend Mr. Andrew Paſchal, who went with me.

Mr. Davys Mell, (the famous violiniſt and clock-maker) had a child crook-backed, that was cured after the manner aforeſaid, which Dr. Ridgely, M. D. of the college of phyſicians, averred in my hearing.

The curing of the King's-evil by the touch of the King, does much puzzle our philoſophers: for whether our Kings were of the houſe of York, or Lancaſter, it did the cure *(i. e.)* for the moſt part. 'Tis true indeed at the touching there are prayers read, but perhaps,

haps, neither the King attends them nor his chaplains.

In Somerſetſhire, 'tis confidently reported, that ſome were cured of the King's-Evil, by the touch of the Duke of Monmouth: the Lord Chancellor Bacon ſaith, "That imagination is next kin to miracle-working "faith.

When King Charles I. was priſoner at Cariſbrook Caſtle, there was a woman touched by him, who had the King's-Evil in her eye, and had not ſeen in a fortnight before, her eye-lids being glued together: as they were at prayers, (after the touching) the woman's eyes opened. Mr. Seymer Bowman, with many others, were eye-witneſſes of this.

At Stretton in Hertfordſhire, in *anno* 1648, when King Charles I. was priſoner, the tenant of the Mannor-Houſe there, ſold excellent cyder to gentlemen of the neighbourhood; where they met privately, and could diſcourſe freely, and be merry, in thoſe days ſo troubleſome to the loyal party. Among others that met, there was old Mr. Hill, B. D. parſon of the pariſh, Quondam Fellow of Brazen-Noſe college in Oxford. This venerable good old man, one day (after his accuſtomed faſhion) ſtanding up, with his head uncovered to drink his majeſty's health, ſaying, "God bleſs our "Gracious Sovereign," as he was going to put the cup to his lips, a ſwallow flew in at the window, and pitched on the brim of the little earthen cup (not half a pint) and ſipt, and ſo flew out again. This was in the preſence of the aforeſaid parſon Hill, Major Gwillim, and two or three more, that I knew very well then, my neighbours, and whoſe joint teſtimony of it I have had more than once, in that very room. It was in the bay-window in the parlour there; Mr. Hill's back was next to the window. I cannot doubt of the veracity of the witneſſes. This is printed in ſome book that I have ſeen, I think in Dr. Fuller's Worthies. The cup is preſerved there ſtill, as a rarity.

In Dr. Bolton's Sermons, is an account of the Lady Honywood, who deſpaired of her ſalvation. Dr. Bolton endeavoured to comfort her: ſaid ſhe, (holding a Venice-glaſs in her hand) I ſhall as certainly be damned, as this glaſs will be broken: and at that word, threw it hard on the ground; and the glaſs remained ſound; which did give her great comfort. The glaſs is yet preſerved among the Cimelia of the family. This lady lived to ſee deſcended from her (I think) ninety, which is mentioned by Dr. Bolton.

William Backhouſe, of Swallowfield in Berkſhire, Eſq. had an ugly ſcab that grew on the middle of his forehead, which had been there for ſome years, and he could not be cured; it became ſo nauſeous, that he would ſee none but his intimate friends: he was a learned gantleman, a chymiſt and antiquary: his cuſtom was, once every ſummer to travel to ſee Cathedrals, Abbeys, Caſtles, &c. In his journey, being come to Peterborough, he dreamt there, that he was in a church and ſaw a hearſe, and that one did bid him wet his ſcab, with the drops of the marble. The next day he went to morning-ſervice, and afterwards going about the church, he ſaw the very hearſe (which was of black ſay, for

Queen Katherine, wife to King Henry VIII.) and the marble grave-ſtone by. He found drops on the marble, and there were ſome cavities, wherein he dipt his finger, and wetted the ſcab: in ſeven days it was perfectly cured. This accurate and certain information, I had from my worthy friend Elias Aſhmole, Eſq. who called Mr. Backhouſe father, and had this account from his own mouth. May-Dew is a great diſſolvent.

Ariſe Evans had a fungous noſe, and ſaid, it was revealed to him, that the King's hand would cure him, and at the firſt coming of King Charles II. into St. James's Park, he kiſſed the King's hand, and rubbed his noſe with it; which diſturbed the King, but cured him. Mr. Aſhmole told it me.

*In the year* 1694, *there was publiſhed,*

A true Relation of the wonderful Cure of Mary Mallard, (lame almoſt ever ſince ſhe was born) on Sunday the 26th of November 1693.

With the affidavits and Certificates of the girl, and ſeveral other credible and worthy perſons, who knew her both before and ſince her being cured. To which is added, a Letter from Dr. Welwood, to the Right Honourable the Lady Mayoreſs, upon that ſubject. London printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane, 1694.

A narrative of the late extraordinary cure, wrought in an inſtant upon Mrs. Elizabeth Savage, (lame from her birth) without uſing of any natural means.

With the affidavits which were made before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor; and the certificates of ſeveral credible perſons, who knew her both before and ſince her cure.

Enquired into with all its circumſtances, by noted divines, both of the church of England, and others; and by eminent phyſicians of the college: and many perſons of quality, who have expreſſed their full ſatiſfaction.

With an appendix, attempting to prove,

that miracles are not ceaſed. London, printed for John Dunton at the Raven, and John Harris at the Harrow, in the Poultry. The London divines would have my annotations of theſe two maids expunged.

# MAGICK.

IN Barbary are wizards, who do ſmear their hands with ſome black ointment, and then do hold them up to the ſun, and in a ſhort time you ſhall ſee delineated in that black ſtuff, the likeneſs of what you deſire to have an anſwer of. It was deſired to know, whether a ſhip was in ſafety, or no? there appeared in the woman's hand the perfect lineaments of a ſhip under ſail. This Mr. W. Cl. a merchant of London, who was factor there ſeveral years, proteſted to me, that he did ſee. He is a perſon worthy of belief.

A parallel method to this is uſed in England, by putting the white of a new laid egg in a beer glaſs, and expoſe it to the ſun in hot weather, as Auguſt, when the ſun is in Leo, and they will perceive their huſband's profeſſion.

There are wonderful ſtories of the Bannians in India, viz. of their predictions, cures, &c. of their charming crocodiles, and ſerpents: and that one of them walked over an arm of the ſea, he was ſeen in the middle, and never heard of afterwards.

The laſt ſummer, on the day of St. John the Baptiſt, 1694, I accidentally was walking in the paſture behind Montague houſe, it was 12 o'clock. I ſaw there about two or three and twenty young women, moſt of them well habited, on their knees very buſy, as if they had been weeding. I could not preſently learn what the matter was; at laſt a young man told me, that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their head that night, and they ſhould dream who would be their huſbands: It was to be ſought for that day and hour.

The women have ſeveral magical ſecrets handed down to them by tradition, for this purpoſe, as, on St. *Agnes* night, 21ſt day of January, take a row of pins, and pull out every one, one after another, ſaying a *Pater Noſter*, or (Our Father) ſticking a pin in your ſleeve, and you will dream of him, or her, you ſhall marry. Ben Johnſon in one of his Maſques makes ſome mention of this.

And on ſweet Saint *Agnes* night
Pleaſe you with the promis'd ſight,
Some of huſbands, ſome of lovers,
Which an empty dream diſcovers.

Another. *To know whom one ſhall marry.* You muſt lie in another county, and knit the left garter about the right legged ſtocking (let the other garter and ſtocking alone) and as you rehearſe theſe following verſes, at every comma, knit a knot.

This knot I knit,
To know the thing, I know not yet,
That I may ſee,
The man (woman) that ſhall my huſband
(wife) be,
How he goes, and what he wears,
And what he does, all days, and years.

Accordingly in your dream you will ſee him: if a muſician, with a lute or other inſtrument; if a ſcholar, with a book or papers.

A gentlewoman that I knew, confeſſed in my hearing, that ſhe uſed this method, and dreamt of her huſband whom ſhe had never ſeen: about two or three years after, as ſhe was on Sunday at church, (at our Lady's church in Sarum) up pops a young Oxonian in the pulpit: ſhe cries out preſently to her ſiſter, this is the very face of the man that I ſaw in my dream. Sir William Soames's Lady did the like.

Another way, is, to charm the moon thus: at the firſt appearance of the new moon* after new year's day, go out in the evening, and ſtand over the ſpars of a gate or ſtile, looking on the moon and ſay†,

All hail to the moon, all hail to thee,
I prithee good moon reveal to me,
This night, who my huſband (wife) muſt be.

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* Some ſay any other new moon is as good.

† In Yorkſhire they kneel on a ground-faſt ſtone.

You muſt preſently after go to bed.

I knew two gentlewomen that did thus when they were young maids, and they had dreams of thoſe that married them.

Alexander Tralianus, of curing diſeaſes by ſpells, charms, &c. is cited by Caſaubon, before John Dee's Book of Spirits: it is now tranſlated out of the Greek into Engliſh.

Moreri's Great Hiſtorical, Geographical, and Poetical Dictionary. *Abracadabra*, a myſterious word, to which the ſuperſtitious in former times attributed a magical power to expel diſeaſes, eſpecially the tertian-ague, worn about their neck in this manner.

Some think, that Baſilides, the inventor, intends the name of GOD by it. The method of the cure was preſcribed in theſe verſes.

*Inſcribes Chartæ quod dicitur* Abracadabra
*Sæpius, & ſubter repetes, ſed detrahe ſummam*
*Et magis atque magis deſint elementa figuris*
*Singula quæ ſemper capies & cætera figes,*

*Donec in anguſtum redigatur Litera Conum,*
*His lina nexis collo redimire memento.*
*Talia languentis conducent Vincula collo,*
*Lethaleſque abigent (miranda potentia) morbos.*

*Abracadabra,* ſtrange myſterious word,
In order writ, can wond'rous cures afford.
This be the rule :—a ſcrip of parchment take,
Cut like a pyramid revers'd in make.
*Abracadabra,* firſt at length you name,
Line under line, repeating ſtill the ſame:
But at its end, each line, one letter leſs,
Muſt then its predeceſſor line expreſs;
'Till leſs'ning by degrees the charm deſcends
With conic form, and in a letter ends.
Round the ſick neck the finiſh'd wonder tie,
And pale diſeaſe muſt from the patient fly.

Mr. Schoot, a German, hath an excellent book of magick: it is prohibited in that country. I have here ſet down three ſpells, which are much approved.

### *To cure an Ague.*

Write this following ſpell in parchment, and

wear it about your neck. It muſt be wri
triangularly.

ABRACADABRA
ABRACADABR
ABRACADAB
ABRACADA
ABRACAD
ABRACA
ABRAC
ABRA
ABR
AB
A

With this ſpell, one of Wells, hath cured above a hundred of the ague.

*To cure the biting of a Mad-Dog, write theſe words in paper,* viz.

*Rebus Rubus Epitepſcum*, and give it to the party, or beaſt bit, to eat in bread, &c. A Gentleman of good quality, and a ſober grave perſon, did affirm, that this receipt never fails.

*To cure the Tooth-Ach: out of Mr. Aſhmole's manuſcript writ with his own hand.*

*Mars, hur, aburſa, aburſe.*
Jeſu Chriſt for Mary's ſake,
Take away this Tooth-Ach.

Write the words three times; and as you ſay the words, let the party burn one paper, then another, and then the laſt. "He ſays, "he ſaw it experimented, and the party im- "mediately cured.

Mr. Aſhmole told me, that a woman made uſe of a ſpell to cure an ague, by the advice of Dr. Nepier; a miniſter came to her, and ſeverely repremanded her, for making uſe of a diabolical help, and told her, ſhe was in danger of damnation for it, and commanded her to burn it. She did ſo, and her diſtemper returned ſeverely; inſomuch that ſhe was importunate with the Doctor to uſe the ſame again; ſhe uſed it, and had eaſe. But the parſon hearing of it, came to her again, and thundered hell and damnation, and frighted her ſo, that ſhe burnt it again. Whereupon ſhe fell extremely ill, and would have had it a third time; but the Doctor refuſed, ſaying, that ſhe had contemned and ſlighted the power and goodneſs of the bleſſed ſpirits (or Angels) and ſo ſhe died. The cauſe of the Lady Honywood's Deſparation, was that ſhe had uſed a ſpell to cure her.

*Jamblicus* de *Myſteriis* de *nominibus Divinis.*

*Porphyrius querit, cur Sacerdotes utantur nominibus quibuſdam nihil ſignificantibus?* Jamblicus *reſpondet, omnia ejuſmodi nomina ſignificare aliquid apud deos: quamvis in quibuſdam ſignificata nobis ſint ignota, eſſe tamen nota quædam, quorum interpretaticnem divinitus accepimus, omnino verò modum ineis ſignificandi ineffabilem eſſe. Neque ſecundum imaginationes humanas, ſed ſecundum intellectum qui in nobis eſt, divinus, vel potius ſimpliciore præſtantiorieque modo ſecundum intellectum diis unitum. Auferendum igitur omnes excogitationes & rationales diſcurſus, atque aſſimulationes naturalis vocis ipſius congenitas, ad res poſitas innatum. Et quemadmodum character ſymbolicus divinæ ſimilitudinis in ſe intellectualis eſt, atque divinus, ita hunc ipſum in omnibus ſupponnere, accipereque debemus*, &c.

### *Jamblicus, concerning the Myſteries relating to divine names.*

Porphyrius aſks the queſtion why Prieſts make uſe of certain names which carry with them no known import or ſignification? Jamblicus replies, that all and every of thoſe ſort of names have their reſpective ſignifications among the Gods, and that though the things ſignified by ſome of them remain to us unknown, yet there are ſome which have come to our knowledge, the interpretation of which we have received from above. But that the manner of ſignifying by them, is altogether ineffable. Not according to human imaginations, but according to that divine intellect which reigns within us, or rather according to an intellect that has an union with the Gods, in a more ſimple and excellent manner. And whereas the ſymbolical character of the divine likeneſs is in it ſelf intellectual and divine, ſo are we to take and ſuppoſe it to be, in all, &c.

### *To cure an Ague, Tertian or Quartan.*

Gather Cinquefoil in a good aſpect of ♃ to the ☽, and let the Moon be in the Mid-

Heaven, if you can, and take——of the powder of it in white wine: if it be not thus gathered according to the rules of aſtrology, it hath little or no virtue in it. With this receipt—one Bradley, a quaker at Kingſton-Wick upon Thames, (near the bridge end) hath cured above an hundered.

### *To cure the Thruſh.*

There is a certain piece in the beef, called the mouſe-piece, which given to the child, or party ſo affected to eat, doth certainly cure the thruſh. From an experienced midwife.

### Another *to cure a Thruſh.*

Take a living frog, and hold it in a cloth, that it does not go down into the child's mouth; and put the head into the child's mouth 'til it is dead; and then take another frog, and do the ſame.

### *To cure the Tooth Ach.*

Take a new nail, and make the gum bleed with it, and then drive it into an oak. This did cure William Neal, Sir William Neal's ſon, a very ſtout gentleman, when he was almoſt mad with the pain, and had a mind to have piſtolled himſelf.

### *For the Jaundice.*

The jaundice is cured, by putting the urine after the firſt ſleep, to the aſhes of the aſh-tree, bark of barberries.

### *To cure a Bullock, that hath the Whiſp, (that is) lame between the Clees.*

Take the impreſſion of the bullock's foot in the earth, where he hath trod; then dig it up, and ſtick therein five or ſeven thorns on the wrong ſide, and then hang it on a buſh to dry: and as that dries, ſo the bullock heals, This never fails for wiſps. From Mr. *Pacy*, a yeoman in Surry.

### *To cure a Beaſt that is ſprung, (that is) poiſoned.*

It lights moſtly upon Sheep.

Take the little red ſpider, called a tentbob, (not ſo big as a great pins-head) the firſt you light upon in the ſpring of the year, and rub it in the palm of your hand all to pieces: and having ſo done, piſs on it, and rub it in, and let it dry; then come to the beaſt and make water in your hand, and throw it in his mouth. It cures in a matter of an hour's time. This rubbing ſerves for a whole year, and it is no danger to the hand. The chiefeſt ſkill is to know whether the beaſt be poiſoned or no. From Mr. *Pacy*.

### *To ſtanch Bleeding.*

Cut an aſh of one, two, or three years growth, at the very hour and minute of the ſun's entring into Taurus: a chip of this applied will ſtop it; if it is a ſhoot, it muſt be cut from the ground. Mr. Nicholas Mercator, aſtronomer, told me that he had tried it with effect. Mr. G. W. ſays the ſtick muſt not be bound or holden; but dipped or wetted in the blood. When King James II. was at Saliſbury, 1688, his noſe bled near two days; and after many eſſays in vain, was ſtopped by this ſympathetick aſh, which Mr. William Naſh, a ſurgeon in Saliſbury, applied.

### *Againſt an evil Tongue.*

Take *Unguentum populeum* and *Vervain*, and *Hypericon*, and put a red hot iron into it; you muſt anoint the back bone, or wear it on your breaſt. This is printed in Mr. *W. Lilly*'s Aſtrology. Mr. H. C. hath tried this receipt with good ſucceſs.

Vervain and dill,
Hinders witches from their will.

A houſe (or chamber) ſomewhere in London, was haunted; the curtains would be raſhed at night, and awake the gentleman that lay there, who was muſical, and a familiar acquaintance of Henry Laws. Henry Laws to be ſatisfied did lie with him; and the curtains were raſhed ſo then. The gentleman grew lean and pale with the frights; one Dr.—— cured the houſe of this diſturbance, and Mr. Laws ſaid, that the principal ingredient was *Hypericon* put under his pillow.

In Herefordſhire, and other parts, they do put a cold iron bar upon their barrels, to preſerve their beer from being ſoured by thunder. This is a common practice in Kent.

To hinder the night mare, they hang in a ſtring, a flint with a hole in it (naturally) by the manger; but beſt of all they ſay, hung about their necks, and a flint will do it that hath not a hole in it. It is to prevent the night mare, viz. the hag from riding their horſes, who will ſometimes ſweat all night. The flint thus hung does hinder it.

Mr. Sp. told me that his horſe which was bewitched, would break bridles and ſtrong halters, like a Sampſon. They filled a bottle of the horſe's urine, ſtopped it with a cork and bound it faſt in, and then buried it under ground: and the party ſuſpected to be the witch, fell ill, that he could not make water, of which he died. When they took up the bottle, the urine was almoſt gone; ſo, that they did believe, that if the fellow could have lived a little longer, he had recovered.

It is a thing very common to nail horſeſhoes on the threſholds of doors: which is to hinder the power of witches that enter into the houſe. Moſt houſes of the Weſt end of London, have the horſe-ſhoe on the threſhold. It ſhould be a horſe-ſhoe that one finds. In the Bermudas, they uſe to put an iron into the fire when a witch comes in. Mars is enemy to Saturn. There are very memorable ſtories of witches in *Gages* Survey of the Weſt-Indies of his own Knowledge: which ſee.

At Paris when it begins to thunder and lighten, they do preſently ring out the great bell at the Abbey of St. Germain, which they do believe makes it ceaſe. The like was wont to be done heretofore in Wiltſhire; when it thundered and lightened, they did ring St. Aldhelm's bell, at Malmſbury Abbey. The curious do ſay, that the ringing of bells exceedingly diſturbs ſpirits.

In the Golden Legend by *W. de Worde*. It is ſaid the evill ſpirytes that ben in the regyon of thayre doubte moche whan they here the belles rongen. And this is the cauſe why the belles ben rongen whan it thondreth, and whan grete tempeſte and outrages of wether happen to the ende that the feudes and wycked ſpirytes ſhold be abaſshed, and flee and ceaſe of the the movynge of tempeſte. Fol. xxiv.

# TRANSPORTATION

BY AN

# INVISIBLE POWER.

A Letter from the Reverend Mr. Andrew Paſchal, B. D. Rector of Chedzoy in Somerſetſhire, to John Aubrey, Eſq. at Greſham College, London.

*SIR,*

I LAST week received a letter from a learned friend, the miniſter of Barnſtable in Devon, which I think worthy your peruſal. It was dated May 3, 1683, and is as follows. (He was of my time in Queens College, Cambridge.)

There having been many prodigious things performed lately in a pariſh adjoining to that which Biſhop Sparrow preſented me to, called Cheriton-Biſhop, by ſome diſcontented dæmon,

mon, I can eaſily remember that I owe you an account thereof, in lieu of that which you deſired of me, and which I could not ſerve you in.

About November laſt, in the pariſh of Spreyton in the county of Devon, there appeared in a field near the dwelling houſe of Philip Furze, to his ſervant Francis Fry, being of the age of twenty-one, next Auguſt, an aged gentleman with a pole in his hand, and like that he was wont to carry about with him when living, to kill moles withal, who told the young man he ſhould not be afraid of him; but ſhould tell his maſter, *i. e.* his ſon, that ſeveral legacies that he had bequeathed were unpaid, naming ten ſhillings to one, ten ſhillings to another, &c. Fry replied, that the party he laſt named was dead. The Spectrum replied, he knew that, but ſaid it muſt be paid to (and named) the next relation. Theſe things being performed, he promiſed he would trouble him no further. Theſe ſmall legacies were paid accordingly. But the young man having carried twenty ſhillings ordered by the Spectrum to his ſiſter Mrs. Furze, of the pariſh of Staverton near Totneſs, which money the gentlewoman refuſed to receive, being ſent her, as ſhe ſaid, from the Devil. The ſame night Fry lodging there, the Spectrum appeared to him again, whereupon Fry challenged his promiſe not to trouble him, and ſaid he had done all he deſired him; but that Mrs. Furze would not receive the money. The Spectrum replied, that is true indeed; but bid him ride to Totneſs and buy a ring of that value, and that ſhe would take. Which was provided for her and received by her. Then Fry rode homewards attended by a ſervant of Mrs. Furze. But being come into Spreyton pariſh, or rather a little before, he ſeemed to carry an old gentlewoman behind him, that often threw him off his horſe, and hurried him with ſuch violence, as aſtoniſhed all that ſaw him, or heard how horridly the ground was beaten; and being come into his maſter's yard, Fry's horſe (a mean beaſt) ſprung at once twenty-five feet. The trouble from the man-ſpectre ceaſed from this time. But the old gentlewoman, Mrs. Furze, Mr. Furze's ſecond wife, whom the Spectre at his firſt appearance to Fry, called, that wicked woman my wife, (though I knew her, and took her for a very good woman) preſently after appears to ſeveral in the houſe, viz. to Fry, Mrs. Thomaſin Gidley, Anne Langdon, born in my pariſh, and to a little child which was forced to be removed from the houſe; ſometimes in her own ſhape, ſometimes in ſhapes more horrid, as of a dog belching fire, and of a horſe, and ſeeming to ride out of the window, carrying only one pane of glaſs away, and a little piece of iron. After this Fry's head was thruſt into a narrow ſpace, where a man's fiſt could not enter, between a bed and a wall; and forced to be taken thence by the ſtrength of men, all bruiſed and bloody; upon this it was thought fit to bleed him; and after that was done, the binder was removed from his arm, and conveyed about his middle, and preſently was drawn ſo very ſtraight, it had almoſt killed him, and was cut aſunder, making an ugly uncouth noiſe. Several other times with handkerchiefs, cravats and other things he was near ſtrangled, they were drawn ſo cloſe upon his throat. He lay one night in his periwig (in his maſter's chamber, for the more ſafety) which was torn all to pieces. His beſt periwig he incloſed in a little a little box on the inſide with a joined-ſtool, and other weight upon it; the box was ſnapped aſunder, and the wig torn all to flitters. His maſter ſaw his buckles fall all to pieces on his feet. But firſt I ſhould have told you the fate of his ſhoe-ſtrings, one of which a gentlewoman greater than all exception, aſſured me, that ſhe ſaw it come out of his ſhoe, without any viſible hand, and fling it ſelf to the farther end of the room; the other was coming out too, but that a maid prevented and helped it out, which criſped and curled about her hand like a living eel. The cloaths worn by Anne Langdon and Fry, (if their own) were torn to pieces on their backs. The ſame gentlewoman, being the daughter of the miniſter of the pariſh, Mr. Roger Specott, ſhewed me one of Fry's gloves, which was torn in his pocket while ſhe was by. I did view it near and narrowly, and do ſeriouſly confeſs that it is torn ſo very accurately in all the ſeams and in other places, and laid abroad ſo artificially, and it is ſo dexterouſly tattered, (and all done in the pocket in a minute's time) as nothing human could have done it; no cutler could have made an engine to do it ſo. Other fantaſtical freeks have been very frequent, as the marching of a great barrel full of ſalt out of one room into another; an andiron laying it ſelf over a pan of milk that was ſcalding on the fire, and two flitches of bacon deſcending from the chimney where they hung, and laid themſelves over that andiron. The appearing of the Spectrum (when in her own ſhape) in the ſame cloaths, to ſeeming, which Mrs. Furze her daughter in law has on. The intangling of Fry's face and legs, about his neck, and about the frame of the chairs, ſo as they have been with great difficulty diſengaged.

But the moſt remarkable of all happened in that day that I paſſed by the door in my return hither, which was Eaſter-eve, when Fry returning from work (that little he can do) he was caught by the woman ſpectre by the ſkirts of his doublet, and carried into the air; he was quickly miſſed by his maſter and the workmen, and great enquiry was made for Francis Fry, but no hearing of him; but about half an hour after Fry was heard whiſtling and ſinging in a kind of a quagmire.

mire. He was now affected as he was wont to be in his fits, ſo that none regarded what he ſaid; but coming to himſelf an hour after, he ſolemnly proteſted, that the dæmon carried him ſo high that he ſaw his maſter's houſe underneath him no bigger than a hay-cock, that he was in perfect ſenſe, and prayed God not to ſuffer the Devil to deſtroy him; that he was ſuddenly ſet down in that quagmire. The workmen found one ſhoe on one ſide of the houſe, and the other ſhoe on the other ſide; his perriwig was eſpied next morning hanging on the top of a tall tree. It was ſoon obſerved, that Fry's part of his body that had laid in the mud, was much benumed, and therefore the next Saturday, which was the eve of Low-Sunday they carried him to Crediton to be let blood; which being done, and the company having left him for a little while, returning they found him in a fit, with his forehead all bruiſed and ſwoln to a great bigneſs, none able to gueſs how it came, till he recovered himſelf, and then he told them, that a bird flew in at the window with a great force, and with a ſtone in its mouth flew directly againſt his forehead. The people looked for it, and found on the ground juſt under where he ſat, not a ſtone, but a weight of braſs or copper, which the people were breaking, and parting it among themſelves. He was ſo very ill, that he could ride but one mile or little more that night, ſince which time I have not heard of him, ſave that he was ill handled the next day, being Sunday. Indeed Sir, you may wonder that I have not viſited that houſe, and the poor afflicted people; eſpecially, ſince I was ſo near, and paſſed by the very door: but beſides that, they have called to their aſſiſtance none but nonconforming miniſters. I was not qualified to be welcome there, having given Mr. Furze a great deal of trouble the laſt year about a conventicle in his houſe, where one of this pariſh was the preacher. But I am very well aſſured of the truth of what I have written, and (as more appears) you ſhall hear from me again.

I had forgot to tell you that Fry's mother came to me, grievouſly bewailing the miſerable condition of her ſon. She told me, that the day before he had five pins thruſt into his ſide.

She aſked; and I gave her the beſt advice I could. Particularly, that her ſon ſhould declare all that the ſpectre, eſpecially the woman gave him in charge, for I ſuſpect, there is *aliquid latens*; and that ſhe ſhould remove him thence by all means. But I fear that ſhe will not do it. For I hear that Anne Langdon is come into my pariſh to her mother, and that ſhe is grievouſly troubled there. I might have written as much of her, as of Fry, for ſhe had been as ill treated, ſaving the aerial journey. Her fits and obſeſſions ſeem to be greater, for ſhe ſcreeches in a moſt helliſh tone. Thomaſin Gidley (though removed) is in trouble as I hear.

Sir, this is all my friend wrote. This letter came incloſed in another from a clergyman, my friend, who lives in thoſe parts. He tells me all the relations he receives from divers perſons living in Spreyton and the neighbouring pariſhes, agree with this. He ſpake with a gentleman of good faſhion, that was at Crediton when Fry was blooded, and ſaw the ſtone that bruiſed his forehead; but he did not call it copper or braſs, but ſaid it was a ſtrange mineral. That gentleman promiſed to make a ſtrict inquiry on the place into all particulars, and to give him the reſult: which my friend alſo promiſes me; with hopes that he ſhall procure for me a piece of that mineral ſubſtance, which hurt his forehead.

The occaſion of my friend's ſending me this narrative, was my entreating him ſometime ſince, to inquire into a thing of this nature, that happened in Barnſtable, where he lives. An account was given to me long ſince, it fills a ſheet or two, which I have by me: and to gratify Mr. Glanvil who is collecting hiſtories for his *Sadduciſmus Triumphatus*. I deſired to have it well atteſted, it being full of very memorable things; but it ſeems he could meet only a general conſent as to the truth of the things; the reports varying in the circumſtances.

Sir, Yours.

A Copy of a Letter from a learned Friend of mine in SCOTLAND, dated March 25, 1695.

Honoured Sir,

I RECEIVED yours dated May 24, 1694, in which you deſire me to ſend you ſome inſtances and examples of Tranſportation by an Inviſible Power. The true cauſe of my delaying ſo long, to reply to that letter, was not want of kindneſs; but of fit materials for ſuch a reply.

As ſoon as I read your letter of May 24, I called to mind, a ſtory which I heard long ago, concerning one of the Lord Duffus, (in the ſhire of Murray) his prediceſſors, of whom it is reported, that upon a time, when he was walking abroad in the fields near to his own houſe, he was ſuddenly carried away, and found the next day at Paris in the French King's cellar, with a ſilver cup in his hand; that being brought into the King's preſence and queſtioned by him, who he was? and how he came thither? he told his name, his country, and the place of his reſidence, and that on ſuch a day of the month (which proved to be the day immediately preceeding) being in the fields, he heard the noiſe of a whirl-wind, and of voices crying Horſe and Hattock, (this is the word which the fairies are ſaid to uſe when they remove from any place) whereupon he cried (Horſe annd Hattock) alſo, and was immediately caught up, and tranſported through the air, by the fairies to that place, where after he had drank heartily he fell aſleep, and before he awoke, the reſt of the company were gone, and had left him in poſture wherein he was found. It is ſaid, the King gave him the cup which was found in his hand, and diſmiſſed him.

This ſtory (if it could be ſufficiently atteſted) would be a noble inſtance for your purpoſe, for which cauſe I was at ſome pains to enquire into the truth of it, and found the means to get the preſent Lord Duffus's opinion thereof; which ſhortly is, that there has been, and is ſuch a tradition, but that he thinks it fabulous; this account of it, his Lordſhip had from his father, who told him that he had it from his father, the preſent Lord's grandfather; there is yet an old ſilver cup in his Lordſhip's poſſeſſion ſtill, which is called the Fairy Cup; but has nothing engraven upon it, except the arms of the family.

The gentleman, by whoſe means I came to know the Lord Duffus's ſentiment of the foregoing ſtory, being tutor to his Lordſhip's eldeſt ſon, told me another little paſſage of the ſame nature, whereof he was an eye witneſs. He reports, that when he was a boy at ſchool in the town of Forres, yet not ſo young, but that he had years and capacity, both to obſerve and remember that which fell out; he and his ſchool-fellows were upon a time whipping their tops in the church-yard before the door of the church; though the day was calm, they heard a noiſe of a wind, and at ſome diſtance ſaw the ſmall duſt begin to ariſe and turn round, which motion continued, advancing till it came to the place where they were; whereupon they began to bleſs themſelves: but one of their number (being it ſeems a little more bold and confident than his companions) ſaid, Horſe and Hattock with my top, and immediately they all ſaw the top lifted up from the ground; but could not ſee what way it was carried, by reaſon of a cloud of duſt which was raiſed at the ſame time: they ſought for the top all about the place where it was taken up, but in vain; and it was found afterwards in the church-yard, on the other ſide of the church. Mr. Steward (ſo is the gentleman called) declared to me that he had a perfect remembrance of this matter.

The following account I received, November laſt, from Mr. Alexander Mowat, a perſon of great integrity and judgment, who being miniſter at the church at Leſley, in the ſhire of Aberdene, was turned out for refuſing the oath of teſt, *anno* 1681. He informs, that he heard the late Earl of Cathnes, who was married to a daughter of the late Marquis of Argyle, tell the following ſtory, viz. That upon a time, when a veſſel which his Lordſhip kept for bringing home wine and other proviſions for his houſe, was at ſea; a common fellow, who was reputed to have the ſecond-ſight, being occaſionally at his houſe; the Earl enquired of him, where his men (meaning thoſe in the ſhip) were at that preſent time? the fellow replied, at ſuch a place, by name, within four hours ſailing of the harbour, which was not far from the place of his Lordſhip's reſidence: the Earl aſked, what evidence he could give for that? the other replied, that he had lately been at the place, and had brought away with him one of the ſeamen's caps, which he delivered to his Lordſhip. At the four hours end, the Earl went down himſelf to the harbour, where he found the ſhip newly arrived, and in it one of the ſeamen without his cap; who being queſtioned, how he came to loſe his cap? anſwered, that at ſuch a place (the ſame the ſecond-ſighted man had named before) there aroſe a whirl-wind which endangered the ſhip, and carried away his cap: the Earl aſked, if he would know his cap when he ſaw it? he ſaid he would; whereupon the Earl produced the cap, and the ſeaman owned it for that, which was taken from him.

This is all the information which I can give at preſent concerning Tranſportation by an Inviſſible Power. I am ſorry that I am able to contribute ſo little to the publiſhing of ſo curious a piece as it ſeems your collection of Hermetick Philoſophy will be. I have given inſtructions to an acquaintance of mine now living at Kirkwall, and took him engaged when he left this place, to inform him concerning the old ſtone monuments, the plants and cures in the Orcades, and to ſend me an account. But I have not heard from him as yet, though I cauſed a friend that was writing to him, to put him in mind of his promiſe; the occaſions of correſpondence betwixt this place and Orkney are very rare.

S I R,

Your faithful affectionate friend

And ſervant,

J. G.

SIR,

'TIS very likely my Lord Keeper, [North] (if an account of a thing ſo conſiderable, hath not been preſented to him by another hand) will take it kindly from you. I would tranſcribe it for Dr. Henry More, to whom, as I remember, I promiſed ſome time ſince an account of the Barnſtable apparition; but my hands are full of work. May I beg of you to viſit Dr. Whitchcot, miniſter of St. Laurence church, and to communicate a ſight of this letter from Barnſtable: probably he will be willing to make his ſervant tranſcribe it, and to convey it to Dr. More. Pray preſent my humble ſervice to him, as alſo my affectionate ſervice to our friends Mr. Hook and Mr. Lodwick. I ever reſt

SIR,

Your moſt faithful

*Chedzoy.*

And affectionate ſervant,

ANDREW PASCHAL.

THERE was in Scotland one —— (an obſeſſus) carried in the air ſeveral times in the view of ſeveral perſons, his fellow-ſoldiers. Major Henton hath ſeen him carried away from the guard in Scotland, ſometimes a mile or two. Sundry perſons are living now, (1671) that can atteſt this ſtory. I had it from Sir Robert Harley (the ſon) who married Major Henton's widow; as alſo from E. T. D. D.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, Mr. M. was in Portugal, *anno*, 1655, when one was burnt by the inquiſition for being brought thither from Goa in Eaſt-India, in the air, in an incredible ſhort time.

# *Viſions in a Beryl or Cryſtal.*

A BERYL is a kind of Cryſtal that hath a weal tincture of red; it is one of the twelve ſtones mentioned in the Revelation. I have heard,* that ſpectacles were firſt made of this ſtone, which is the reaſon that the Germans do call a ſpectacle-glaſs (or pair of ſpectacles) a Brill.

Dr. Pocock of Oxford, in his Commentary on Hoſea, hath a learned diſcourſe of the *Urim* and *Thummim*; as alſo Dr. Spenſer of Cambridge. That the prieſt had his viſions in the ſtone of the breaſt plate.

The Prophets had their ſeers, viz. young youths who were to behold thoſe viſions, of whom Mr. Abraham Cowley writes thus.

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* Dr. J. Pell.

With haſty wings, time preſent they out-fly,
And tread the doubtful maze of deſtiny;
There walk and ſport among the years to
come,
And with quick eye pierce every cauſes
womb.

The magicians now uſe a cryſtal ſphere, or mineral pearl, as No. 3, for this purpoſe, which is inſpected by a boy, or ſometimes by the querent himſelf.

There are certain formulas of prayer to be uſed, before they make the inſpection, which they term a call. In a manuſcript of Dr. Forman of Lambeth, (which Mr. Elias Aſhmole had) is a diſcourſe of this, and the prayer. Alſo there is the call which Dr. Nepier did uſe.

James Harrington (author of Oceana) told me that the Earl of Denbigh, then Ambaſſador at Venice, did tell him, that one did ſhew him there ſeveral times in a glaſs, things paſt and to come.

When Sir Marmaduke Langdale was in Italy, he went to one of thoſe Magi, who did ſhew him a glaſs, where he ſaw himſelf kneeling before a crucifix: he was then a Proteſtant; afterwards he became a Roman Catholick. He told Mr. Thomas Henſhaw, R. S. S. this himſelf.

I have here ſet down the figure of a conſecrated Beryl, as No. 4, now in the poſſeſſion of Sir Edward Harley, Knight of the Bath, which he keeps in his cloſet at Brampton-Bryan in Herefordſhire, amongſt his Cimelia, which I ſaw there. It came firſt from Norfolk; a miniſter had it there, and a call was to be uſed with it. Afterwards a miller had it, and both did work great cures with it, (if curable) and in the Beryl they did ſee, either the receipt in writing, or elſe the herb. To this miniſter, the ſpirits or angels would appear openly, and becauſe the miller (who was his familiar friend) one day happened to ſee them, he gave him the aforeſaid Beryl and Call: by theſe angels the miniſter was forewarned of his death. This account I had from Mr. Aſhmole.

mole. Afterwards this Beryl came into ſomebody's hand in London, who did tell ſtrange things by it; inſomuch that at laſt he was queſtioned for it, and it was taken away by authority, (it was about 1645.)

This Beryl is a perfect ſphere, the diameter of it I gueſs to be ſomething more than an inch: it is ſet in a ring, or circle of ſilver reſembling the meridian of a globe: the ſtem of it is about ten inches high, all gilt. At the four quarters of it are the names of four angels, viz. Uriel, Raphael, Michael, Gabriel. On the top is a croſs patee.

*Sam. Boiſardus* hath writ a book *de Divinatione per Cryſtallum.*

A clothier's widow of Pembridge in Herefordſhire, deſired Dr. Sherborne (one of the canons of the church of Hereford, and rector of Pembridge) to look over her huſband's writings after his deceaſe: among other things he found a call for a cryſtal. The clothier had his cloths oftentimes ſtolen from his racks; and at laſt obtained this trick to diſcover the thieves. So when he loſt his cloths, he went out about midnight with his cryſtal and call, and a little boy, or little maid with him (for they ſay it muſt be a pure virgin) to look in the cryſtal, to ſee the likeneſs of the perſon that committed the theft. The doctor did burn the call, 1671.

## *Viſions without a Glaſs or Cryſtal.*

ABOUT the latter end of the reign of King James I. one —— a taylor in London, had ſeveral viſions, which he did deſcribe to a painter to paint, and he writ the deſcription himſelf in an ill taylor-like hand, in falſe Engliſh, but legible: it was at leaſt a quire of paper. I remember one viſion is of St. James's park, where is the picture of an altar and crucifix. Mr. Butler of the toy-ſhop by Ludgate, (one of the maſters of Bridewell) had the book in *anno* 1659; the then Earl of Northampton gave five pounds for a copy of it.

# *Converſe with Angels and Spirits.*

DR. Richard Nepier was a perſon of great abſtinence, innocence, and piety: he ſpent every day two hours in family prayer: when a patient, or querent came to him, he preſently went to his cloſet to pray: and told to admiration the recovery, or death of the patient. It appears by his papers, that he did converſe with the angel Raphael, who gave him the reſponſes.

Elias aſhmole, Eſq. had all his papers, where is contained all his practice for about fifty years; which he, Mr. Aſhmole, carefully bound up, according to the year of our Lord, in —— volumes in folio; which are now repoſited in the library of the Muſæum in Oxford. Before the reſponſes ſtands this mark, viz. R. Ris. which Mr. Aſhmole ſaid was *Reſponſum Raphaelis.*

In theſe papers are many excellent medicines, or receipts for ſeveral diſeaſes that his patients had; and before ſome of them is the aforeſaid mark. Mr. Aſhmole took the pains to tranſcribe fairly with his own hand all the receipts; they are about a quire and half of paper in folio, which ſince his death were bought of his relict by E. W. Eſq. R. S. S.

The angel told him if the patient were curable or incurable.

There are alſo ſeveral other queries to the angel, as to religion, tranſubſtantiation, &c. which I have forgot. I remember one is, whether the good ſpirits or the bad be moſt in number? R. Ris. The good.

It is to be found there, that he told John Prideaux, D. D. *anno* 1621, that twenty years hence (1641) he would be a biſhop, and he was ſo, *ſc.* biſhop of Worceſter.

R. Ris. did reſolve him, that Mr. Booth, of —— in Cheſhire, ſhould have a ſon that ſhould inherit three years hence, [*ſc.* Sir George Booth, the firſt Lord Delamere] viz. from 1619, Sir George Booth aforeſaid was born, December 18, *anno* 1622.

This I extracted out of Dr. Nepier's Original Diary, then in poſſeſſion of Mr. Aſhmole.

When E. W. Eſq. was about eight years old, he was troubled with the worms. His grand father carried him to Dr. Nepier at Lynford. Mr. E. W. peeped in at the cloſet at the end of the gallery, and ſaw him upon his knees at prayer. The Doctor told Sir Francis that at fourteen years old his grandſon would be freed from that diſtemper; and he was ſo. The medicine he preſcribed was, to drink a little draught of *Muſcadine* in the morning. 'Twas about 1625.

It is impoſſible that the prediction of Sir George Booth's birth, could be found any other way, but by angelical revelation.

This Dr. Richard Nepier was rector of

Lynford in Bucks, and did practiſe phyſick; but gave moſt to the poor that he got by it. 'Tis certain he told his own death to a day and hour; he died praying upon his knees, being of a very great age, April 1, 1634. He was nearly related to the learned Lord Nepier, Baron of M—— in Scotland: I have forgot whether his brother. His knees were horny with frequent praying. He left his eſtate to Sir Richard Nepier, M. D. of the college of phyſicians, London, from whom Mr. Aſhmole had the Doctor's picture, now in the Muſæum.

Dr. Richard Nepier, rector of Lynford, was a good aſtrologer, and ſo was Mr. Marſh of Dunſtable; but Mr. Marſh did ſeriouſly confeſs to a friend of mine, that aſtrology was but the countenance; and that he did his buſineſs by the help of the bleſſed ſpirits; with whom only men of great piety, humility and charity, could be acquainted; and ſuch a one he was. He was an hundred years old when my friend was with him; and yet did underſtand himſelf very well.

At Aſhridge in Buckinghamſhire, near

Berkamſted, was a monaſtery, (now in the poſſeſſion of the Earl of Bridgewater) where are excellent good old paintings ſtill to be ſeen. In this monaſtery was found an old manuſcript entitled *Johannes de Rupeſciſſâ*, ſince printed (or part of it) a chymical book, wherein are many receipts; among others, to free a houſe haunted with evil ſpirits, by fumes: Mr. Marſh had it, and did cure houſes ſo haunted by it. Ovid in his feſtivals hath ſomething like it. See *Theſaurus Exorciſmorum* writ by —— *è Societate Jeſu*. Oct. Wherein are ſeveral high phyſical and medicinal things.

Good ſpirits are delighted and allured by ſweet perfumes, as rich gums, frankincenſe, ſalts, &c. which was the reaſon that prieſts of the Gentiles, and alſo the Chriſtians uſed them in their temples, and ſacrifices: and on the contrary, evil ſpirits are pleaſed and allured and called up by ſuffumigations of Henbane, &c. ſtinking ſmells, &c. which the witches do uſe in their conjuration. Toads (ſaturnine animals) are killed by putting of ſalt upon them; I have ſeen the experiment. magical writers ſay, that cedar-wood drives away evil ſpirits; it was, and is much uſed in magnificent temples.

Plinii Natural Hiſt. lib. 12, cap. 14.

*Alexandro Magno in pueritia ſine parſimonia thura ingerenti aris, pædagogus Leonides dixerat, ut illo modo, cum deviciſſet thuriferas gentes, ſupplicaret. At ille Arabia potitus; thure onuſtam navim miſit ei, large exhortatus, ut Deos adoraret.*

*i. e.* As Alexander the great, in the time of his minority, was heaping incenſe upon the altars, even to a degree of religious prodigality. His preceptor Leonidas told him, that he ſhould prefer his ſupplications to the Gods after that free manner, when he had ſubdued the nations, whoſe produce was frankincenſe. And he, as ſoon as he had made himſelf maſter of Arabia, ſent him accordingly a ſhip laden with incenſe, and with it ample exhortations to adore the Gods.

One ſays, why ſhould one think the intellectual world leſs peopled, than the material? Pliny, in his Natural Hiſtory, lib. —— cap. —— tells us that in Africa, do ſometimes appear multitudes of aerial ſhapes, which ſuddenly vaniſh. Mr. Richard Baxter in his Certainty of the Worlds of Spirits, (the laſt book he writ, not long before his death) hath a diſcourſe of angels; and wonders they are ſo little taken notice of; he hath counted in Newman's Concordance of the Bible, the word angel, in above three hundered places.

Hugo Grotius in his Annotations on Jonah, ſpeaking of Ninive, ſays, that hiſtory has divers examples, that after a great and hearty humiliation, God delivered cities, &c. from their calamities. Some did obſerve in the late civil wars, that the Parliament, after a humiliation, did ſhortly obtain a victory. And as a three-fold chord is not eaſily broken, ſo when a whole nation ſhall conjoin in fervent prayer and ſupplication, it ſhall produce wonderful effects. William Lawd, Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury, in a ſermon preached before the Parliament, about the begining of the reign of King Charles I. affirms the power of prayer to be ſo great, that though there be a conjunction or oppoſition of Saturn or Mars, (as there was one of them then) it will over-come the malignity of it. In the life of Vavaſor Powel, is a memorable account of the effect of fervent prayer, after an exceeding draught: and Mr. Baxter (in his book aforementioned) hath ſeveral inſtances of that kind, which ſee.

### *St. Michael and all Angels.*

### The Collect.

O everlaſting God, who haſt ordered and conſtituted the ſervices of men and angels, after a wonderful manner: mercifully grant, that as thy holy angels alway do thee ſervice in Heaven: ſo by thy appointment, they may ſuccour and defend us, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

# *Corps-Candles in* WALES.

Part of a Letter to MR. BAXTER.

SIR,

I AM to give you the beſt ſatisfaction I can touching thoſe fiery apparitions* (Corps Candles) which do as it were mark out the way for corpſes to their κοιμητηριον and ſometimes before the parties themſelves fall ſick, and ſometimes in their ſickneſs. I could never hear in England of theſe, they are common in theſe three counties, viz. Cardigan, Carmarthen, and Pembroke, and as I hear in ſome other parts of Wales.†

Theſe φαντάσματα in our language, we call Canhwyllan Cyrph, *(i. e.)* Corps-Candles;

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* Mr. *Baxter*'s Certainty of the Worlds of Spirits. p. 137.

† And Radnor.

and candles we call them, not that we ſee any thing beſides the light; but becauſe that light doth as much reſemble a material candle-light as eggs do eggs, ſaving, that in their journey theſe candles be *modo apparentes, modo diſparentes*, eſpecially, when one comes near them; and if one come in the way againſt them, unto whom they vaniſh; but preſently appear behind and hold on their courſe. If it be a little candle pale or bluiſh, then follows the corps either of an abortive or ſome infant; if a big one, then the corps of ſome one come to age: if their be ſeen two, or three, or more, ſome big, ſome ſmall together, then ſo many and ſuch corpſes together. If two candles come from divers places, and be ſeen to meet, the corpſes will the like; if any of theſe candles are ſeen to turn, ſometimes a little out of the way, or path, that leadeth to the church, the following corps will be forced to turn in that very place, for the avoiding ſome dirty lane or plaſh, &c. Now let us fall to evidence. Being about the age of fifteen, dwelling at Lanylar, late at night, ſome neighbour ſaw one of theſe candles hovering up and down along the river bank, until they were weary in beholding it, at laſt they left it ſo, and went to bed. A few weeks after came a proper damſel form Montgomeryſhire, to ſee her friends, who dwelt on the other ſide of that river Iſtwith, and thought to ford the river at that very place where the light was ſeen; being diſſuaded by ſome lookers on (ſome it is moſt likely of thoſe that ſaw the light) to adventure on the water, which was high by reaſon of a flood: ſhe walked up and down along the river bank, even where, and even as the aforeſaid candle did, waiting for the falling of the water; which at laſt ſhe took, but too ſoon for her, for ſhe was drowned therein. Of late my ſexton's wife, an aged underſtanding woman, ſaw from her bed, a little bluiſh candle on her tables-end; within two or three days after, came a fellow enquiring for her huſband, and taking ſomething from under his cloak, claped it down upon the table's end; it was a dead born child.

Another time, the ſame woman ſaw ſuch another candle upon the end of the ſelf ſame table; within a few days after a weak child newly chriſtened by me, was brought to the ſexton's houſe, where preſently he died: and when the ſexton's wife, who was then abroad, came home, ſhe ſound the child on the other end of the table, where ſhe had ſeen the candle.

Some thirty or forty years ſince, my wife's ſiſter, being nurſe to Baronet Rudd's three eldeſt children, and (the Lady miſtreſs being dead) the Lady comptroller of the houſe going late into the chamber where the maid ſervants lay, ſaw no leſs then five of thoſe lights together. It happened a while after, that the chamber being newly plaiſtered, and a grate of coal-fire therein kindled to haſten the drying of the plaiſter, that five of the maid ſervants went to bed as they were wont (but as it fell out) too ſoon; for in the morning they were all dead, being ſuffocated in their ſleep with the ſteam of the new tempered lime and coal. This was at Langathen in Carmarthenſhire — *Jo. Davis.* See more.—

Generglyn, March 1656.

To this account of Mr. Davis, I will ſubjoin what my worthy friend and neighbour Randal Caldicot, D. D. hath affirmed to me many years ſince, viz. When any chriſtian is drowned in the river Dee, there will appear over the water where the corps is, a light, by which means they do find the body: and it is therefore called the Holy Dee. The doctor's father was Mr. Caldicot, of Caldicot in Cheſhire, which lies on the river.

# ORACLES.

*HIERONIMUS Cardanus*, lib. 3, *Syneſiorum Somniorum*, cap. 15, treats of this ſubject, which ſee. Johannes Scotus Erigena, when he was in Greece, did go to an Oracle to enquire for a Treatiſe of Ariſtotle, and found it, by the reſponſe of the oracle. This he mentions in his works lately printed at Oxford; and is quoted by Mr. *Anthony á Wood* in his Antiquites of Oxon, in his life. He lived before the conqueſt, and taught Greek at the Abby in Malmeſbury, where his ſcholars ſtabbed him with their penknives for his ſeverity to them. Leland mentions that his ſtatue was in the choir there.

ECSTACY.

# ECSTACY.

Cardanus, lib. 2. Syneſ. Somniorum. cap. 8.

*IN Ecſtaſin multis modis dilabuntur homines, aut per Syncopen, aut animi deliquium, aut etiam proprie abducto omni ſenſu externo, abſque alia Cauſa. Id vero contingit conſuetis plerunque, & nimio affectu alicujus rei laborantibus; ——Ecſtaſis medium eſt inter vigiliam & ſomnium, ſicut ſomnus inter mortem & vigiliam ſeuvitam —— Viſa in Ecſtaſi certiora inſomniis: Clariora & evidentiora —— Ecſtaſi deprehenſi audire poſſunt, qui dormiunt non poſſunt.*

Men fall into an Ecſtacy many ways, either by a ſyncope, by a vaniſhing and abſence of the ſpirits, or elſe by the withdrawing of every external ſenſe without any other cauſe. It moſt commonly happens to thoſe who are over ſollicitous or fix their whole minds upon doing any one particular thing. An Ecſtacy is a kind of medium between ſleeping and waking, as ſleep is a kind of middle ſtate between life and death. Things ſeen in an Ecſtacy are more certain than thoſe we behold in dreams: they are much more clear, and far more evident. Thoſe ſeized with an Ecſtacy can hear, thoſe who ſleep cannot.

*Anno* 1670, a poor widow's daughter in Herefordſhire, went to ſervice not far from Harwood (the ſeat of Sir John Hoſkins, Bart. R. S. S.) She was aged near about twenty; fell very ill, even to the point of death; her mother was old and feeble, and her daughter was the comfort of her life; if ſhe ſhould die, ſhe knew not what to do: ſhe beſought God upon her knees in prayer, that he would be pleaſed to ſpare her daughter's life, and take her to him: at this very time, the daughter fell into a trance, which continued about an hour: they thought ſhe had been dead: when ſhe recovered out of it, ſhe declared the viſion ſhe had in this fit, viz. that one in black habit came to her, whoſe face was ſo bright and glorious ſhe could not behold it; and alſo he had ſuch brightneſs upon his breaſt, and (if I forget not) upon his arms. And told her, that her mother's prayers were heard, and that her mother ſhould ſhortly die, and ſhe ſhould ſuddenly recover; and ſhe did ſo, and her mother died. She hath the character of a modeſt, humble, virtuous maid. Had this been in ſome Catholick country, it would have made a great noiſe.

'Tis certain, there was one in the Strand, who lay in a trance a few hours before he departed. And in his trance had a viſion of the death of King Charles II. It was at the very day of his apoplectick fit.

There is a ſheet of paper printed 16... concerning Ecſtaſies, that James Uſher, late Lord Primate of Ireland, once had: but I have been aſſured from my hon. friend James Tyrrell, Eſq. (his Lordſhip's grandſon) that this was not an ecſtacy; but that his Lordſhip upon reading the 12, 13, 14, &c. chapters of the Revelation, and farther reflecting upon the great increaſe of the ſectaries in England, ſuppoſed that they would let in popery, which conſideration put him into a great tranſport, at the time when his daughter (the Lady Tyrrel) came into the room; when he diſcourſed to her divers things (tho' not all) contained in the ſaid printed paper.

# GLANCES

# OF

# LOVE and MALICE.

*AMOR ex Oculo:* Love is from the eye: but (as the Lord Bacon ſaith) more by glances, than by full gazings; and ſo for envy and malice.

Tell me deareſt, what is Love?
'Tis a Lightning from above:
'Tis an Arrow, 'tis a Fire,
'Tis a Boy they call Deſire.*

'Tis ſomething divine and inexplicable. It is ſtrange, that as one walks the ſtreets ſometimes one ſhall meet with an aſpect (of male or female) that pleaſes our ſouls; and whoſe natural ſweetneſs of nature, we could boldly rely upon. One never ſaw the other before, and ſo could neither oblige or diſoblige each other. Gaze not on a maid, ſaith Eccluſ. 9, 5.

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* Mr. *Fletcher* in Cupid's Revenge.

The Glances of envy and malice, do ſhoot alſo ſubtilly; the eye of the malicious perſon, does really infect and make ſick the ſpirit of the other. The Lord Bacon ſaith, it hath been obſerved, that after triumphs, the triumphants have been ſick in ſpirit.

The chymiſt can draw ſubtile ſpirits, that will work upon one another at ſome diſtance, viz. ſpirits of alkalies and acids, *e. g.* ſpirits cœleſtial (ſal armoniac and ſpirits of C. C. will work on each other at half a yard diſtance, and ſmoke;) but the ſpirits above mentioned are more ſubtile than they.

*Non amo te Sabati, nec poſſum dicere quare,*
*Hoc tantum poſſum dicere, non amo te.*

Fellow, I love thee not, I can't tell why,
But this, I'll tell thee, I could ſooner die.

But if an aſtrologer had their nativities, he would find a great diſagreement in the ſchemes. Theſe are hyperphyſical opticks, and drawn from the heavens.

Infants are very ſenſible of theſe iradiations of the eyes. In Spain, France, &c. ſouthern countries, the nurſes and parents are very ſhy to let people look upon their young children, for fear of faſcination. In Spain they take it ill if one looks on a child, and make one ſay, God bleſs it. They talk of *mal dè ojos.* We uſually ſay, witches have evil eyes.

# AN ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF *Second-Sighted Men* IN SCOTLAND: IN Two Letters from a learned Friend of mine in SCOTLAND.

## I.

To Mr. JOHN AUBREY, Fellow of the Royal-Society.

SIR,

FOR your ſatisfaction I drew up ſome queries about the ſecond-ſighted men, and having ſent them to the northern parts of this kingdom, ſome while ago, I received anſwers to them from two different hands, whereof I am now to give you an account, viz.

### Query I.

If ſome few credible, well atteſted inſtances of ſuch a knowledge as is commonly called the ſecond-ſight, can be given?

### *Anſwer.*

Many inſtances of ſuch knowledge can be given, by the confeſſion of ſuch who are ſkilled in that faculty: for inſtances I refer you to the fourth query.

### Query 2.

If it conſiſts in the diſcovery of preſent or paſt events only? or if it extend to ſuch as are to come?

### *Anſwer.*

The ſecond-ſight relates only to things future, which will ſhortly come to paſs. Paſt events I learn nothing of it.

### Query 3.

If the objects of this knowledge, be ſad and diſmal events only; ſuch as deaths and murders? or, joyful and proſperous alſo?

### *Anſwer.*

Sad and diſmal events, are the objects of this knowledge: as ſudden deaths, diſmal accidents. That they are proſperous, or joyful, I cannot learn. Only one inſtance I have from a perſon worthy of credit, and thereby judge of the joyfulneſs, or proſperity of it, and it is this. Near 40 years ago, Macklend and his Lady, ſiſter to my Lord Seaforth, were walking about their own houſe, and in their return both came into the nurſe's chamber, where their young child was on the breaſt: at their coming into the room, the nurſe falls a weeping; they aſked the cauſe, dreading the child was ſick, or that ſhe was ſcarce of milk: the nurſe replied, the child was well, and ſhe had abundance of milk; yet ſhe ſtill wept; and being preſſed to tell what ailed her; ſhe at laſt ſaid Macklend would die, and the Lady would ſhortly be married to another man. Being enquired how ſhe knew that event, ſhe told them plainly, that as they came both into the room, ſhe ſaw a man with a ſcarlet cloak and a white hat betwixt them, giving the Lady a kiſs over the ſhoulder; and this was the cauſe of weeping. All which came to paſs after Machlend's death; the tutor of Lovet married the Lady in the ſame habit the woman ſaw him. Now by this inſtance, judge if it be proſperous to one, it is as diſmal to another.

### Query 4.

If theſe events which ſecond-ſighted men diſcover, or foretel, be viſibly repreſented to them, and acted, as it were before their eyes?

### *Anſwer.*

Affirmatively, they ſee thoſe things viſibly; but none ſees but themſelves; for inſtance, if a man's fatal end be hanging, they will ſee a gibbet, or a rope about his neck: if beheaded, they will ſee the man without a head; if drowned, they will ſee water up to his throat; if unexpected death, they will ſee a winding ſheet about his head: all which are repreſented to their view. One inſtance I had from a gentleman here, of a Highland gentleman of the Mackdonalds, who having a brother that came to viſit him, ſaw him coming in, wanting a head; yet told not his brother he ſaw any ſuch thing; but within twenty-four hours thereafter, his brother was taken, (being a murderer) and his head cut off, and ſent to Edinburgh. Many ſuch inſtances might be given.

### Query 5.

If the ſecond-ſight be a thing that is troubleſome and uneaſy to thoſe that have it, and ſuch as they would gladly be rid of?

### *Anſwer.*

It is commonly talked by all I ſpoke with, that it is troubleſome; and they would gladly be freed from it, but cannot: only I heard lately of a man very much troubled in his ſoul therewith, and by ſerious begging of God deliverance from it, at length loſt the faculty of the ſecond-ſight.

Query 6.

If any perſon, or perſons, truly godly, who may juſtly be preſumed to be ſuch, have been known to have had this gift or faculty?

*Anſwer.*

Negatively, not any godly, but ſuch as are vitious.

Query 7.

If it deſcends by ſucceſſion from parents to children? or if not, whether thoſe that have it can tell how they came by it?

*Anſwer.*

That it is by ſucceſſion, I cannot learn; how they came by it, is hard to know, neither will they tell; which if they did, they are ſure of their ſtroaks from an inviſible hand. One inſtance I heard of one Allen Miller, being in company with ſome gentlemen, having gotten a little more than ordinary of that ſtrong liquor they were drinking, began to tell ſtories and ſtrange paſſages he had been at: but the ſaid Allen was ſuddenly removed to the farther end of the houſe, and was there almoſt ſtrangled; recovering a little, and coming to the place where he was before, they aſked him, what it was that troubled him ſo? He anſwered he duſt not tell; for he had told too much already.

### Query 8.

How came they by it?

### *Anſwer.*

Some ſay by compact with the Devil; ſome ſay by converſe with thoſe dæmons we call fairies. I have heard, that thoſe that have this faculty of the ſecond-ſight, have offered to teach it to ſuch as were curious to know it; upon ſuch and ſuch conditions they would teach them; but their proffers were rejected.

This is all I could learn by tradition of that faculty, from knowing and intelligent men. If this ſatiſfy not theſe queries aforeſaid, acquaint me, and what can be known of it ſhall be tranſmitted.

I cannot paſs by an inſtance I have from a very honeſt man in the next pariſh, who told me it himſelf. That his wife being big with child near her delivery, he buys half a dozen of boards to make her a bed againſt the time ſhe lay in. The boards lying at the door of his houſe, there comes an old fiſher-woman, yet alive, and aſked him, whoſe were thoſe boards? He told her they were his own; ſhe aſked again, for what uſe he had them? He replied for a bed; ſhe again ſaid, I intend them for what uſe you pleaſe, ſhe ſaw a dead corps lying upon them, and that they would be a coffin: which ſtruck the honeſt man to the heart, fearing the death of his wife. But when the old woman went off, he calls preſently for a carpenter to make the bed, which was accordingly done; but ſhortly after the honeſt man had a child died, whoſe coffin was made of the ends of thoſe boards.

Sir, the original, whereof this that I have writ, is a true copy, was ſent by a miniſter, living within ſome few miles of Inverneſs, to a friend of mine whom I employed to get information for me; as I inſinuated before: I have other anſwers to theſe queries from another hand, which I purpoſed to have communicated to you at this time; but I find there will not be room enough for them in this ſheet; howbeit, in caſe you think it fit, they ſhall be ſent you afterward.

In the mean time, I ſhall tell you what I have had from one of the maſters of our college here (a north country man both by birth and education, in his younger years) who made a journey in the harveſt time into the ſhire of Roſs, and at my deſire, made ſome enquiry there, concerning the ſecond-ſight. He reports, that there they told him many inſtances of this knowledge, which he had forgotten, except two. The firſt, one of his ſiſters, a young gentlewoman, ſtaying with a friend at ſome thirty miles diſtance from her father's houſe, and the ordinary place of her reſidence; one who had the ſecond-ſight in the family where ſhe was, ſaw a young man attending her as ſhe went up and down the houſe, and this was about three months before her marriage. The ſecond is of a woman in that country who is reputed to have the ſecond-ſight, and declared, that eight days before the death of a gentleman there, ſhe ſaw a bier or coffin covered with a cloth which ſhe knew, carried as it were, to the place of burial, and attended with a great company, one of which told her it was the corps of ſuch a perſon, naming that gentleman, who died eight days after. By theſe inſtances it appears, that the objects of this knowledge are not ſad and diſmal events only, but joyful and proſperous ones alſo: he declares farther, that he was informed there, if I miſtake not, by ſome of thoſe who had the ſecond-ſight, that if at any time when they ſee thoſe ſtrange ſights, they ſet their foot upon the foot of another who hath not the ſecond-ſight, that other will for that time ſee what they are ſeeing; as alſo that they offered, if he pleaſed, to communicate the ſecond-ſight to him. I have nothing more to add at preſent, but that I am,

SIR,

Your faithful friend,

And humble ſervant.

## II.

To Mr. JOHN AUBREY, Fellow of the Royal-Society at Greſham-College, London.

Honoured Sir,

SINCE my laſt to you, I have had the favour of two letters from you: to the firſt, dated February 6, I had replied ſooner, but that I wanted leiſure to tranſcribe ſome farther accounts of a ſecond-ſighted man, ſent me from the north, whereof (in obedience to your deſire) I give here the doubles.

May the 4th.
1694.

A Copy

## A Copy of an Anſwer to ſome *Queries* concerning Second-ſighted Men, ſent by a Miniſter living near *Inverneſs*, to a Friend of mine.

### *Query* I.

THAT there is ſuch an art, commonly called the ſecond-ſight, is certain, from theſe following inſtances.

Firſt, in a gentleman's houſe, one night the miſtreſs conſidering why ſuch perſons whom ſhe expected were ſo late, and ſo long a coming, the ſupper being all the while delayed for them; a ſervant man about the houſe (finding the miſtreſs anxious) having the ſecond-ſight, deſires to cover the table, and before all things were put on, thoſe perſons ſhe longed for would come in; which happened acccordingly.

The ſecond inſtance, concerning a young Lady of great birth, whom a rich Knight fancied and came in ſute of the Lady, but ſhe could not endure to fancy him, being a harſh and unpleaſant man: but her friends importuning her daily, ſhe turned melancholy and lean, faſting and weeping continually. A common fellow about the houſe meeting her one day in the fields, aſked her, ſaying, Mrs. Kate, What is that that troubles you, and makes you look ſo ill; ſhe replied, that the cauſe is known to many, for my friends would have me marry ſuch a man by name, but I cannot fancy him. Nay, (ſays the fellow) give over theſe niceties, for he will be your firſt huſband, and will not live long, and be ſure he will leave you a rich dowry, which will procure you a great match, for I ſee a Lord upon each ſhoulder of you: all which came to paſs in every circumſtance; as eye and ear witneſſes declare.

A third inſtance, of a traveller coming in to a certain houſe, deſired ſome meat: the miſtreſs being ſomething nice and backward to give him victuals; you need not, ſays he, churle me in a piece of meat; for before an hour and half be over, a young man of ſuch a ſtatue and garb will come in with a great ſalmon-fiſh on his back, which I behold yonder on the floor: and it came to paſs within the ſaid time.

A fourth inſtance, of a young woman in a certain houſe about ſupper-time, refuſed to take meat from the ſteward who was offering in the very time meat to her; being aſked why ſhe would not take it? replied, ſhe ſaw him full of blood, and therefore was afraid to take any thing of his hands. The next morning, the ſaid ſteward offering to compoſe a difference between two men, at an alehouſe door, got a ſtroak of a ſword on the forehead, and came home full of blood. This was told me by an eye witneſs.

### *Query* 2.

Thoſe that have this faculty of the ſecond-ſight, ſee only things to come, which are to happen ſhortly thereafter, and ſometimes foretel things which fall out three or four years after. For inſtance, one told his maſter, that he ſaw an arrow in ſuch a man through his body, and yet no blood came out: his maſter told him, that it was impoſſible an arrow ſhould ſtick in a man's body, and no blood come out, and if that came not to paſs, he would be deemed an impoſtor. But about five or ſix years after the man died, and being brought to his burial-place, there aroſe a debate anent his grave, and it came to ſuch a height, that they drew arms, and bended their bows; and one letting off an arrow, ſhot through the dead body upon the bier-trees, and ſo no blood could iſſue out at a dead man's wound. Thus his ſight could not inform him whether the arrow ſhould be ſhot in him alive or dead, neither could he condeſcend whether near or afar off.

### *Query* 3.

They foreſee murthers, drownings, weddings, burials, combats, man-ſlaughters, of all which, many inſtances might be given. Lately (I believe in Auguſt laſt, 1695) one told there would be drowning in the river Bewly, which come to paſs: two pretty men croſſing a ford both drowned, which fell out within a month. Another inſtance; a man that ſerved the Biſhop of Catnes, who had five daughters in his houſe, one of them grudged, that the burthen of the family lay on her wholly: the fellow told her that 'ere long ſhe ſhould be exonered of that taſk, for he ſaw a tall gentleman in black, walking on the Biſhop's right-hand, whom ſhe ſhould marry: and this fell out accordingly, within a quarter of a year thereafter. He told alſo of a covered table, full of varieties of good fare, and their garbs who ſet about the table.

### *Query* 4.

They ſee all this viſibly acted before their eyes; ſometimes within, and ſometimes without-doors, as in a glaſs.

### *Query* 5.

It is a thing very troubleſome to them that have it, and would gladly be rid of it. For if the object be a thing that is ſo terrible, they are ſeen to ſweat and tremble, and ſhreek at the apparition. At other times they laugh, and tell the thing chearfully, juſt according as the thing is pleaſant or aſtoniſhing.

### *Query* 6.

Sure it is, that the perſons that have a ſenſe of God and religion, and may be preſumed to be godly, are known to have this faculty. This evidently appears, in that they are troubled for having it, judging it a ſin, and that it came from the Devil, and not from God; earneſtly deſiring and wiſhing to be rid of it, if poſſible; and to that effect, have made application to their miniſter, to pray to God for them that they might be exonered from that burden. They have ſupplicated the preſbytery, who judicially appointed publick prayers to be made in ſeveral churches, and a ſermon preached to that purpoſe, in their own pariſh church, by their miniſter; and they have compeired before the pulpit, after ſermon, making confeſſion openly of that ſin, with deep ſenſe on their knees; renounced any ſuch gift or faculty which they had to God's diſhonour, and earneſtly deſired the miniſter to pray for them; and this their recantation recorded; and after this, they were never troubled with ſuch a ſight any more.

## A Copy of a Letter, written to myſelf by a Gentleman's Son in *Straths-pay* in *Scotland*, being a Student in Divinity, concerning the Second-ſight.

SIR,

I AM more willing than able to ſatisfy your deſire: as for inſtances of ſuch a knowledge, I could furniſh many. I ſhall only inſert ſome few atteſted by ſeveral of good credit yet alive.

And, firſt, Andrew Mackpherſon, of Clunie in Badenoch, being in ſute of Lord of Gareloch's daughter, as he was upon a day going to Gareloch, the Lady Gareloch was going ſomewhere from her houſe within kenning to the road which Clunie was coming; the Lady preceiving him, ſaid to her attendants, that yonder was Clunie, going to ſee his miſtreſs: one that had this ſecond-ſight in her company replied, and ſaid, if yon be he, unleſs he marry within ſix months, he'll never marry. The Lady aſked, how did he know that? he ſaid, very well, for I ſee him, ſaith he, all incloſed in his winding-ſheet, except his noſtrils and his mouth, which will alſo cloſe up within ſix months; which happened even as he foretold; within the ſaid ſpace he died, and his brother Duncan Mackpherſon this preſent Clunie ſucceeded. This and the like may ſatisfy your fourth query, he ſeeing the man even then covered all over with his dead linens. The event was viſibly repreſented, and as it were acted (before his eyes) and alſo the laſt part of your ſecond query, viz. that it was as yet to come. As for the reſt of the queſtions, viz. That they diſcover preſent and paſt events, is alſo manifeſt, thus: I have heard of a gentleman, whoſe ſon had gone abroad, and being anxious to know how he was, he went to conſult one who had this faculty, who told him, that that ſame day five o'clock in the afternoon his ſon had married a woman in France, with whom he had got ſo many thouſand crowns, and within two years he ſhould come home to ſee father and friends, leaving his wife with child of a a daughter, and a ſon of ſix months age behind him: which accordingly was true. About the ſame time two years he came home, and verified all that was fore-told.

It is likewiſe ordinary with perſons that loſe any thing, to go to ſome of theſe men, by whom they are directed; how, what perſons, and in what place they ſhall find it. But all ſuch as profeſs that ſkill, are not equally dexterous in it. For inſtance, two of them were in Mr. Hector Mackenzi, miniſter of Inverneſs, his father's houſe; the one a gentleman, the other a common fellow; and diſcourſing by the fire ſide, the fellow ſuddenly begins to weep, and cry out, alas! alas! ſuch a woman is either dead, or preſently expiring. The gentlewoman lived five or ſix miles from the houſe, and had been ſome days before in a fever. The gentleman being ſomewhat better expert in that faculty, ſaid; no, ſaith he, ſhe's not dead; nor will ſhe die of this diſeaſe. O, ſaith the fellow, do you not ſee her all covered with her winding-ſheet; ay, ſaith the gentleman, I ſee her as well as you; but do you not ſee her linen all wet, which is her ſweat? ſhe being preſently cooling of the fever. This ſtory Mr. Hector himſelf will teſtify. The moſt remarkable of this ſort, that I hear of now, is one Archibald Mackeanyers, alias Mackdonald, living in Ardinmurch, within ten or twenty miles, or thereby, of Glencoe, and I was preſent myſelf, where he foretold ſomething which accordingly fell out in 1683; this man being in Strathſpey, in John Mackdonald of Glencoe his company, told in Balachaſtell, before the Lord of Grant, his Lady, and ſeveral others, and alſo in my father's houſe; that Argyle, of whom few or none knew then where he was, at leaſt there was no word of him then here; ſhould within two twelve months thereafter, come to the Weſt-Highlands, and raiſe a rebellious faction, which would be divided among themſelves, and diſperſe, and he unfortunately be taken and beheaded at Edinburgh, and his head ſet upon the Talbooth, where his father's head was before him; which proved as true, as he fore-told it, in 1685, thereafter. Likewiſe in the beginning of May next after the late revolution, as my Lord Dundee returned up Spey-ſide, after he had followed General Major Mac Kay in his reer down the length of Edinglaſſie, at the Milatown of Gartinbeg, the Machleans joined him, and after he had received them, he marched forward, but they remained behind, and fell a plundering: upon which, Glencoe and ſome others, among whom was this Archibald, being in my father's houſe, and hearing that Mac Leans and others were pillaging ſome of his lands, went to reſtrain them, and commanded them to march after the army; after he had cleared the firſt town, next my father's houſe of them, and was come to the ſecond, there ſtanding on a hill, this Archibald ſaid, Glencoe, if you take my advice, then make off with your ſelf with all poſſible haſte, ere an hour come and go you'll be put to it as hard as ever you was: ſome of the company began to droll and ſay, what ſhall become of me? whether Glencoe believed him, or no, I cannot tell; but this I am ſure of, that whereas before he was of intention to return to my father's houſe and ſtay all night, now we took leave, and immediately parted. And indeed, within an hour thereafter, Mac Kay, and his whole forces, appeared at Culnakyle in Abernethie, two miles below the place where we parted, and hearing that Cleaver-houſe had marched up the water-ſide a little before, but that Mac

Leans, and ſeveral other ſtraglers, had ſtayed behind, commanded Major Æneas Mac Kay, with two troops of horſe after them; who finding the ſaid Mac Leans at Kinchardie, in the pariſh of Luthel, chaſed them up the Morſkaith: in which chaſe Glencoe happened to be, and was hard put to it, as was foretold. What came of Archibald himſelf, I am not ſure; I have not ſeen him ſince, nor can I get a true account of him, only I know he is yet alive, and at that time one of my father's men whom the red-coats meeting, compelled to guide them, within ſight of the Mac Leans, found the ſaid Archibald's horſe within a mile of the place where I left him. I am alſo informed, this Archibald ſaid to Glencoe, that he would be murdered in the night time in his own houſe three months before it happened.

Touching your third query, the objects of this knowledge, are not only ſad and diſmal; but alſo joyful and proſperous: thus they foretell of happy marriages, good children, what kind of life men ſhall live, and in what condition they ſhall die: and riches, honour, preferment, peace, plenty and good weather.

Query 6. What way they pretend to have it? I am informed, that in the Iſle of Sky, eſpecially before the goſpel came thither, ſeveral families had it by ſucceſſion, deſcending from parents to children, and as yet there be many there that have it that way; and the only way to be freed from it is, when a woman hath it herſelf, and is married to a man that hath it alſo; if in the very act of delivery, upon the firſt ſight of the child's head, it be baptized, the ſame is free from it; if not, he hath it all his life; by which, it ſeems, it is a thing troubleſome and uneaſy to them that have it, and ſuch as they would fain be rid of. And may ſatisfy your ninth query. And for your farther contentment in this query, I heard of my father, that there was one John du beg Mac Grigor, a Reanach man born, very expert in this knowledge, and my father coming one day from Inverneſs, ſaid by the way, that he would go into an ale-houſe on the road, which then would be about five miles off.

This John Mac Grigor being in his compay, and taken up a ſlate ſtone at his foot, and looking to it, replied; nay, ſaid he, you will not go in there, for there is but a matter of a gallon of ale in it even now, and ere we come to it, it will be all near drunken, and thoſe who are drinking there, are ſtrangers to us, and ere we be hardly paſt the houſe, they will diſcord among themſelves: which fell out ſo; ere we were two pair of butts paſt the houſe, thoſe that were drinking there went by the ears, wounded and miſchieved one another. My father by this and ſeveral other things of this nature, turned curious of this faculty, and being very intimate with the man, told him he would fain learn it: to which he anſwered, that indeed he could in three days time teach him if he pleaſed; but yet he would not adviſe him nor any man to learn it; for had he once learned, he would never be a minute of his life but he would ſee innumerable men and women night and day round about him; which perhaps he would think weariſome and unpleaſant, for which reaſon my father would not have it. But as ſkilful as this man was, yet he knew not what ſhould be his own laſt end; which was hanging: And I am informed, that moſt, if not all of them, though they can fore-ſee what ſhall happen to others: yet they cannot foretell, much leſs prevent, what ſhall befal themſelves. I am alſo informed by one who came laſt ſummer from the iſle of Sky, that any perſon that pleaſes will get it taught him for a pound or two of tobacco.

As for your laſt query. For my own part, I can hardly believe they can be juſtly preſumed, much leſs truly godly. As for this Mac Grigor ſeveral report, that he was a very civil diſcreet man, and ſome ſay he was of good deportment, and alſo unjuſtly hanged. But Archibald Mackenyere will not deny himſelf, but once he was one of the moſt notorious thieves in all the Highlands: but I am informed ſince I came to this knowledge which was by an accident too long here to relate, that he is turned honeſter than before.

There was one James Mack Coil-vicalaſter alias Grant, in Glenbeum near Kirk-Michael in Strathawin, who had this ſight, who I hear of ſeveral that were well acquainted with, was a very honeſt man, and of right blameleſs converſation. He uſed ordinarily by looking to the fire, to fore-tell what ſtrangers would come to his houſe the next day, or ſhortly thereafter, by their habit and arms, and ſometimes alſo by their names; and if any of his goods or cattle were miſſing, he would direct his ſervants to the very place where to find them, whether in a mire or upon dry ground; he would alſo tell, if the beaſt were already dead, or if it would die ere they could come to it; and in winter, if they were thick about the fire-ſide, he would deſire them to make room for ſome others that ſtood by, though they did not ſee them, elſe ſome of them would be quickly throne into the midſt of it. But whether this man ſaw any more than Brownie and Meg Mullach, I am not very ſure; ſome ſay, he ſaw more continually, and would often be very angry-like, and ſomething troubled, nothing viſibly moving him: others affirm he ſaw theſe two continually, and ſometimes many more.

They generally term this ſecond-ſight in Iriſh Taiſhitaraughk, and ſuch as have it Taiſhatrin, from Taiſh, which is properly a ſhadowy ſubſtance, or ſuch naughty, and imperceptible thing, as can only, or rather ſcarcely be diſcerned by the eye; but not caught by the hands: for which they aſſigned it to Bugles or Ghoſts, ſo that Taiſhtar, is as much as one that converſes with ghoſts or ſpirits, or as they commonly call them, the Fairies or Fairy-Folks. Others call theſe men Phiſſicin, from Phis, which is properly fore-ſight, or fore-knowledge. This is the ſureſt and cleareſt account of ſecond-ſighted men that I can now find, and I have ſet it down fully, as if I were tranſiently telling it, in your own preſence, being curious for nothing but the verity, ſo far as I could. What you find improper or ſuperfluous, you can beſt compendiſe it, *&c.*

Thus far this letter, written in a familiar and homely ſtile, which I have here ſet down at length. Meg Mullack, and Brownie mentioned in the end of it, are two ghoſts, which (as it is conſtantly reported) of old, haunted a family a family in Straths-pey of the name of Grant. They appeared at firſt in the likeneſs of a young laſs; the ſecond of a young lad.

Dr. Moulin (who preſents his ſervice to you) hath no acquaintance in Orkney; but I have juſt now ſpoken with one, who not only hath acquaintance in that country, but alſo entertains ſome thoughts of going thither himſelf, to get me an account of the cures uſually practiſed there. The Cortex Winteranus, mentioned by you as an excellent medicine, I have heard it commended as good for the ſcurvy; if you know it to be eminent or ſpecifick (ſuch as the Peruvian Bark is) for any diſeaſe, I ſhall be well pleaſed to be informed by you.

Thus, Sir, you have an account of all my informations concerning ſecond-ſighted men: I have alſo briefly touched all the other particulars in both your letters, which needed a reply, except your thanks ſo liberally and obligingly returned to me for my letters, and the kind ſenſe you expreſs of that ſmall ſervice. The kind reception which you have given to thoſe poor trifles, and the value which you put on them, I conſider as effects of your kindneſs to myſelf, and as engagements on me to ſerve you to better purpoſe when it ſhall be in the power of

Your faithful friend,

and ſervant. &c.

# *Additaments* of *Second-Sight.*

DIEMERBROECK in his book *de Peſte*, (*i. e.* of the Plague) gives us a ſtory of Dimmerus de Raet, that being at Delft, where the peſtilence then raged, ſent then his wife thirty miles off. And when the doctor went to ſee the gentleman of the houſe, as ſoon as he came in, the old chair-woman that waſhed the cloathes fell a weeping: he aſked her why? ſaid ſhe, my miſtreſs is now dead; I ſaw her apparition but juſt now without a head, and that it was uſual with her when a friend of hers died, to ſee their apparitions in that manner, though never ſo far off. His wife died at that time.

Mr. Thomas May in his Hiſtory, lib. 8, writes, that an old man (like an hermit) ſecond-ſighted, took his leave of King James I. when he came into England: he took little notice of Prince Henry, but addreſſing himſelf to the Duke of York (ſince King Charles I.) fell a weeping to think what misfortunes he ſhould undergo; and that he ſhould be one of the miſerableſt unhappy Princes that ever was.

A Scotch nobleman ſent for one of theſe ſecond-ſighted men out of the Highlands, to give his judgment of the then great favourite George Villers, Duke of Buckingham; as ſoon as ever he ſaw him, "Piſh," ſaid he, "he will come to nothing. I ſee a dagger in his breaſt;" and he was ſtabbed in the breaſt by Captain Felton.

Sir James Melvil hath ſeveral the like ſtories in his Memoirs. Folio.

A certain old man in South-Wales, told a great man there of the fortune of his family; and that there ſhould not be a third male generation.

In Spain there are thoſe they call Saludadores, that have this kind of gift. There was a Portugueze Dominican fryar belonging to Queen Katherine Dowager's chapel, who had the ſecond-ſight.

## Farther Additaments concerning PREDICTIONS, FATALITY, APPARITIONS, &c. From the various Hiſtory of ÆLIAN. Rendered out of the Greek Original. By Mr. T. STANLEY.

THE wiſdom of the Perſian Magi was (beſides other things proper to them) converſant in prediction: they foretold the cruelty of Ochus towards his ſubjects, and his bloody diſpoſition, which they collected from ſome ſecret ſigns. For when Ochus, upon the death of his father Artaxerxes, came to the crown, the Magi charged one of the Eunuchs that were next him, to obſerve upon what things, when the table was ſet before him, he firſt laid hands; who watching intentively, Ochus reached forth both his hands, and with his right, laid hold of a knife that lay by, with the other, took a great loaf, which he laid upon the meat, and did cut and eat greedily. The Magi, hearing this, foretold that there would be plenty during his reign, and much blood ſhed. In which they erred not.

It is obſerved, that on the ſixth day of the month Thargelion, many good fortunes have befallen not only the Athenians, but divers others. Socrates was born on this day, the Perſians vanquiſhed on this day, and the Athenians ſacrifice three hundered goats to Agrotera upon this day in purſuit of Miltiades's Vow: on the ſame day of this month was the fight of Platæa, in which the Grecians had the better; for the former fight which I mentioned was at Artemiſium, neither was the victory which the Greeks obtained at Mycale on any other day; ſeeing that the victory at Platæa and Mycale happened on the ſelf ſame day. Likewiſe Alexander the Macedonian, ſon of Philip, vanquiſhed many myriads of the Barbarians on the ſixth day, when he took Darius priſoner. All which is obſerved to have happened on this month. It is likewiſe reported that Alexander was born and died on the ſame day.

Some Pythian relations affirm, that Hercules, ſon of Jupiter and Alcmena, was at his birth, named Heraclides; but that afterwards coming to Delphi to conſult the oracle about ſome buſineſs, he obtained that for which he came, and received farther privately from the God, this oracle concerning himſelf.

Thee Hercules doth Phœbus name,
For thou ſhalt gain immortal fame.

The Peripateticks aſſert, that the ſoul in the day-time is inſlaved and involved in the body, ſo that ſhe cannot behold truth; but in the night, being freed from this ſervitude, and gathered together, as it were, in a round about the parts that are in the breaſt, ſhe is more prophetick, whence proceed dreams.

Socrates ſaid of his dæmon to Theages Demodocus, and many others, that he many times perceived a voice warning him by divine inſtinct, which, ſaith he, when it comes, ſignifieth a diſſuaſion from that which I am going to do, but never perſuades to do any thing. And when any of my friends, (ſaith he) impart their buſineſs to me, if this voice happens, it diſſuades alſo, giving me the like counſel: whereupon, I dehort him who adviſeth with me, and ſuffer him not to proceed in what he is about, following the divine admonition. He alledged as witneſs hereof Charmides ſon of Glauco, who aſking his advice, whether he ſhould exerciſe at the Nemean games; as ſoon as he began to ſpeak, the voice gave the accuſtomed ſigh. Whereupon Socrates endeavoured to divert Charmides from this purpoſe, telling him the reaſon. But he not following the advice, it ſucceeded ill with him.

Aſpacia a Phocian, daughter of Hermotimus, was brought up an orphan, her mother dying in the pains of child-birth. She was bred up in poverty, but modeſtly and virtuouſly. She had many times a dream which fortetold her that ſhe ſhould be married to an excellent perſon. Whilſt ſhe was yet young, ſhe chanced to have a ſwelling under her chin, loathſome to ſight, whereat both the father and the maid were much afflicted. Her father brought her to a phyſician: he offered to undertake the cure for three ſtaters; the other ſaid he had not the money. The phyſician replied, he had then no phyſick for him. Hereupon Aſpaſia departed weeping!

and holding a looking-glaſs on her knee, beheld her face in it, which much increaſed her grief. Going to reſt without ſupping, by the reaſon of the trouble ſhe was in, ſhe had an opportune dream; a dove ſeemed to appear to her as ſhe ſlept, which being changed to a woman, ſaid, "Be of good courage, and "bid a long farewel to phyſicians and their "medicines: take of the dried roſe of Venus "garlands, which being pounded apply to "the ſwelling." After the maid had underſtood and made trial of this, the tumor was wholly aſſuaged; and Aſpaſia recovering her beauty by means of the moſt beautiful godeſs, did once again appear the faireſt amongſt her virgin-companions, enriched with graces far above any of the reſt. Of hair yellow, locks a little curling, ſhe had great eyes, ſomewhat hawk-noſed, ears ſhort, ſkin delicate, complexion like roſes; whence the Phocians, whilſt ſhe was yet a child, called her Milto. Her lips were red, teeth whiter then ſnow, ſmall inſteps, ſuch as of thoſe women whom Homer calls λισφυρους. Her voice ſweet and ſmooth, that whoſoever heard her might juſtly ſay he heard the voice of a Syren. She was averſe from womaniſh curioſity in dreſſing: ſuch things are to be ſupplied by wealth. She being poor, and bred up under a poor father, uſed nothing ſuperfluous or extravagant to advantage her beauty. On a time Aſpaſia came to Cyrus, ſon of Darius and Paryſatis, brother of Artaxerxes, not willingly nor with the conſent of her father, but by compulſion, as it often happens upon the taking of cities, or the violence of tyrants and their officers. One of the officers of Cyrus, brought her with other virgins to Cyrus, who immediately prefered her before all his concubines, for ſimplicity of behaviour, and modeſty; whereto alſo contributed her beauty without artifice, and her extraordinary diſcretion, which was ſuch, that Cyrus many times aſked her advice in affairs, which he never repented to have followed. When Aſpaſia came firſt to Cyrus, it happened that he was newly riſen from ſupper, and was going to drink after the Perſian manner: for after they have done eating, they betake themſelves to wine, and fall to their cups freely, encountering drink as an adverſary. Whilſt they were in the midſt of their drinking, four Grecian virgins were brought to Cyrus, amongſt whom was Aſpaſia the Phocian. They were finely attired; three of them had their heads neatly dreſt by their own women which came along with them, and had painted their faces. They had been alſo inſtructed by their governeſſes how to behave themſelves towards Cyrus, to gain his favour; not to turn away when he came to them, not to be coy when he touched them, to permit him to kiſs them, and many other amatory inſtructions practiſed by women who expoſed their beauty to ſale. Each contended to out-vie the other in handſomeneſs. Only Aſpaſia would not endure to be cloathed with a rich robe, nor to put on a various-coloured veſt, nor to be waſhed; but calling upon the Grecian and Eleutherian gods, ſhe cried out upon her father's name, execrating herſelf to her father. She thought the robe which ſhe ſhould put on was a manifeſt ſign of bondage. At laſt being compelled with blows ſhe put it on, and was neceſſitated to behave herſelf with greater liberty than beſeemed a virgin. When they came to Cyrus, the reſt ſmiled, and expreſſed chearfulneſs in their looks. But Aſpaſia looking on the ground, her eyes full of tears, did every way expreſs an extraordinary baſhfulneſs. When he commanded them to ſit down by him, the reſt inſtantly obeyed; but the Phocian refuſed, until the officer cauſed her to ſit down by force. When Cyrus looked upon or touched their eyes, cheeks and fingers, the reſt freely permitted him; but ſhe would not ſuffer it: for if Cyrus did but offer to touch her, ſhe cried out, ſaying, he ſhould not go unpuniſhed for ſuch actions. Cyrus was herewith extreamly pleaſed; and when upon his offering to touch her breaſt, ſhe roſe up, and would have run away, Cyrus much taken with her native ingenuity which was not like the Perſians, turning to him that bought them, "This maid only ſaith he, of thoſe which you "have brought me is free and pure; the reſt are "adulterate in face, but much more in behaviour. Hereupon Cyrus loved her above all the women he ever had. Afterwards there grew a mutual love between them, and their friendſhip proceeded to ſuch a height that it almoſt arrived at parity, not differing from the concord and modeſty of Grecian marriage. Hereupon the fame of his affection to Aſpaſia was ſpread to Iönia and throughout Greece; Peloponneſus alſo was filled with diſcourſes of the love betwixt Cyrus and her. The report went even to the great King [of Perſia,] for it was conceived that Cyrus, after his acquaintance with her, kept company with no other woman. From theſe things Aſpaſia recollected the remembrance of her old apparition, and of the dove, and her words, and what the goddeſs foretold her. Hence ſhe conceived that ſhe was from the very beginning particularly regarded by her. She therefore offered ſacrifice of thanks to Venus. And firſt cauſed a great image of gold to be erected to her, which ſhe called the image of Venus, and by it placed the picture of a dove beſet with jewels, and every day implored the favour of the goddeſs with ſacrifice and prayer. She ſent to Hermotimus her father many rich preſents, and made him wealthy. She lived continently all her life, as both the Grecian and Perſian women affirm. On a time a neck-lace was ſent as a preſent to Cyrus from Scopas the younger, which had been ſent to Scopas out of Sicily. The neck-lace was of extraordinary workmanſhip,

manſhip, and variety. All therefore to whom Cyrus ſhewed it admiring it, he was much taken with the jewel, and went immediately to Aſpaſia, it being about noon, finding her aſleep, he lay down gently by her, watching quietly whilſt ſhe ſlept. As ſoon as ſhe awaked, and ſaw Cyrus, ſhe embraced him after her uſual manner. He taking the neck-lace out of a box, ſaid, " this is worthy either the " daughter or the mother of a King. To " which ſhe aſſenting; " I will give it you, " ſaid he, for your own uſe, let me ſee your " neck adorned with it." But ſhe received not the gift, prudently and diſcreetly anſwering, " How will Paryſatis your mother take it, " this being a gift fit for her that bear you? " ſend it to her, Cyrus, I will ſhew you a " neck handſomer enough without it." Aſpaſia from the greatneſs of her mind acted contrary to other royal Queens, who are exceſſively deſirous of rich ornaments. Cyrus being pleaſed with this anſwer, kiſſed Aſpaſia. All theſe actions and ſpeeches Cyrus writ in a letter which he ſent together with the chain to his mother; and Paryſatis receiving the preſent was no leſs delighted with the news than with the gold, for which ſhe requited Aſpaſia with great and royal gifts; for this pleaſed her above all things, that though Aſpaſia were chiefly affected by her ſon, yet in the love of Cyrus ſhe deſired to be placed beneath his mother. Aſpaſia praiſed the gifts, but ſaid ſhe had no need of them; (for there was much money ſent with the preſents) but ſent them to Cyrus, ſaying, "To you who "maintain many men this may be uſeful: for "me it is enough that you love me and are "my ornament. With theſe things, as it ſeemeth ſhe much aſtoniſhed Cyrus. And indeed the woman was without diſpute admirable for her perſonal beauty, but much more for the nobleneſs of her mind. When Cyrus was ſlain in the fight againſt his brother, and his army taken priſoners, with the reſt of the prey ſhe was taken not falling accidentally into the enemies hands, but ſought for with much diligence by King Artaxerxes, for he had heard her fame and virtue. When they brought her bound, he was angry, and caſt thoſe that did it into priſon. He commanded that a rich robe ſhould be given her: which ſhe hearing, intreated with tears and lamentation that ſhe might not put on the garment the King appointed, for ſhe mourned exceedingly for Cyrus. But when ſhe had put it on, ſhe appeared the faireſt of all women, and Artaxerxes was immediately ſurpriſed and inflamed with love of her. He valued her beyond all the reſt of his women, reſpecting her infinitely. He endeavoured to ingratiate himſelf into her favour, hoping to make her forget Cyrus, and to love him no leſs than ſhe had done his brother; but it was long before he could compaſs it. For the affection of Aſpaſia to Cyrus had taken ſo deep impreſſion, that it could not eaſily be rooted out. Long after this, Teridates, the Eunuch died, who was the moſt beautiful youth in Aſia. He had full ſurpaſſed childhood, and was reckoned among the youths. The King was ſaid to have loved him exceedingly: he was infinitely grieved and troubled at his death, and there was an univerſal mourning throughout Aſia, every one endeavouring to gratify the King herein; and none durſt venture to come to him and comfort him, for they thought his paſſion would not admit any conſolation. Three days being paſt, Aſpaſia taking a mourning robe as the King was going to the bath, ſtood weeping, her eyes caſt on the ground. He ſeeing her, wondered, and demanded the reaſon of her coming. She ſaid, "I come, O King, to comfort your grief "and affliction, if you ſo pleaſe; otherwiſe I "ſhall go back. The Perſian pleaſed with this care, commanded that ſhe ſhould retire to her chamber, and wait his coming. As ſoon as he returned, he put the veſt of the Eunuch upon Aſpaſia, which did in a manner fit her: and by this means her beauty appeared with greater ſplendour to the King's eye, who much affected the youth. And being once pleaſed herewith, he deſired her to come always to him in that dreſs, until the height of his grief were allayed: which to pleaſe him ſhe did. Thus more than all his other women, or his own ſon and kindred, ſhe comforted Artaxerxes, and relieved his ſorrow; the King being pleaſed with her care, and prudently admitting her conſolation.

GEORGE BUCHANAN, in his Hiſtory of SCOTLAND, reciteth of one of their Kings, James IV. the following very remarkable Paſſages.

THE preſence of this King being required to be with his army, whither he was going, at Linlithgo, whilſt he was at Veſpers in the church, there entered an old man, the hair of his head being red, inclining to yellow, hanging down on his ſhoulders; his forehead ſleek thro' baldneſs, bare-headed, in a long coat of a ruſſet colour, girt with a linen girdle about his loins; in the reſt of his aſpect, he was very venerable: he preſſed thro' the crowd to come to the King: when he came to him, he leaned upon the chair on which the King ſat, with a kind of ruſtick ſimplicity, and beſpoke him thus; "O King," ſaid he, "I am ſent to warn thee, not to proceed in thy intended deſign; and if thou neglecteſt this admonition, neither thou nor thy followers ſhall proſper. I am alſo commanded to tell thee, that thou ſhouldeſt not uſe the familiarity, intimacy, and council of women; which if thou doſt, it will redound to thy ignominy and loſs." Having thus ſpoken, he withdrew himſelf into the croud; and when the King inquired for him, after prayers were ended, he could not be found; which matter ſeemed more ſtrange, becauſe none of thoſe who ſtood next, and obſerved him, as being deſirous to put many queſtions to him, were ſenſible how he diſappeared; amongſt them there was David Lindſey of Mont, a man of approved worth and honeſty, (and a great ſcholar too) for in the whole courſe of his life, he abhorred lying; and if I had not received this ſtory from him as a certain truth, I had omitted it as a romance of the vulgar.

## The Paſſage referred to by Mr. AUBREY, in his Letter to Mr. CHURCHILL.

TWO perſons (Ladies) of quality, both not being long ſince deceaſed,) were intimate acquaintance, and loved each other entirely: it ſo fell out, that one of them fell ſick of the ſmall-pox, and deſired mightily to ſee the other, who would not come, fearing the catching of them. The afflicted at laſt dies of them, and had not been buried very long, but appears at the others houſe, in the dreſs of a widow, and aſks for her friend, who was then at cards, but ſends down her woman to know her buſineſs, who, in ſhort, told her, " ſhe muſt impart it to none but her Lady," who, after ſhe had received this anſwer, bid her woman have her into a room, and deſired her to ſtay while the game was done, and ſhe would wait on her. The game being done, down ſtairs ſhe came to the apparition, to know her buſineſs; " madam," ſays the ghoſt, turning up her veil, and her face appearing full of the ſall-pox) "You know very well, that "you and I, loved entirely; and your not coming to ſee me, I took it ſo ill at your hands, "that I could not reſt till I had ſeen you, and "now I am come to tell you, that you have not "long to live, therefore prepare to die; and "when you are at a feaſt, and make the thirteenth perſon in number, then remember my "words;" and ſo the apparition vaniſhed. To conclude, ſhe was at a feaſt, where ſhe made the thirteenth perſon in number, and was afterwards aſked by the deceaſed's brother, "whether her ſiſter did appear to her as was reported?" ſhe made him no anſwer, but fell a weeping, and died in a little time after. The gentleman that told this ſtory, ſays, that there is hardly any perſon of quality but what knows it to be true. (From the Athenian Mercury.)

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